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MISCELLANIES

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

By ANNA WILLIAMS.



LONDON:

Printed for T. DAVIES, in Great Russel-Street, Covent-Garden.
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MISCELLANIES

ON

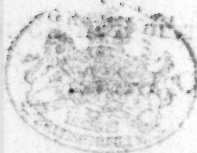
FOR THE AND VERB

IN ANNA WELLS

THE NEW YORK

LONDON

Printed by T. F. ...





ADVERTISEMENT.

TO those, by whose favour and encouragement the following Collection has appeared, the motives of its publication are already known: and it were superfluous to inform the rest of the world of that about which the world will have no Curiosity.

Complaints however natural are not pleasing; and I therefore would not mention the misfortunes of my life but to return my thanks for the kind endeavours to alleviate them, exerted by those who have subscribed, and procured Subscriptions, and those who by contributing their Compositions, have left my friends less reason to repent their solicitations.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the few by whom the dilatoriness of my performance has been censured, I shall answer only by reminding them of my utter inability to hasten it by any diligence of my own, and by wishing that they may never learn from experience how slowly that is done, which is done gratuitously.

ERRATUM.

Page 98, Line 12. *point* and *read* thus:

To feel the pow'r to feel, and trace its source.



ESAYS
IN
VERSE AND PROSE.

THE ANT.

From PROVERBS, chap. vii. ver. 6.

TURN on the prudent Ant, thy heedful eyes,
Observe her labours, Sluggard, and be wise.
No stern command, no monitory voice
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice,
Yet timely provident, she hastes away
To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day;

B

When

When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
She gleans the harvest, and she stores the grain.

How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
Dissolve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers?
While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
And soft solicitation courts repose,
Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
Year chafes year, with unremitted flight,
Till want, now following fraudulent and slow,
Shall spring to seize thee like an ambush'd foe.



A S O N N E T.

TO A LADY OF INDISCREET VIRTUE.

In Imitation of SPENCER.

WHILE you, fair ANNA, innocently gay,
 And free and open, all reserve disdain,
 Wherever fancy leads securely stray,
 And conscious of no ill, can fear no stain,
 Let calm discretion guide with steady rein,
 Let early caution twitch your gentle ear;
 She'll tell you Censure lays her wily train
 To blast those beauties which too bright appear.
 Ah me! I see the monster lurking near,
 I know her haggard eye and pois'nous tongue,
 She scans your actions with malicious leer,
 Eager to wrest and represent them wrong:
 Yet shall your conduct, circumspect and clear,
 Nor baleful touch, nor fangs envenom'd fear.

To CLARA.

CLARA, would thy wish be wise,

Let it mount above the Skies;

Never sigh for transient joys,

Empty, fading, glittering toys.

Court not what the world desires,

Vain is all the world admires;

Gaudy follies are delighting,

Foolish pleasures are inviting,

Vainly sweet they court the taste,

Dearly bought and quickly past.

Think, O think, that every blessing

Palls and dies in the possessing;

No lasting joy can earth bestow,

A good deny'd to man below.

CLARA, seek a nobler end,

Slight the flatt'ring, seeming friend;

Fill thy mind with virtue's treasure,

Virtue is the only pleasure:

Then

E S S A Y S

Then each vain desire remove,
And fire thine heart with better love.
Let thy lofty mind aspire,
Much attain and more desire;
Teach thy wishes how to fly
On wings of strong philosophy,
And timely teach them how to know,
“The joys which from religion flow;”
Thus fix’d, no sorrows shalt thou find,
No fears or cares disturb thy mind,
No vain desires shall e’er delude,
Nor false phantastic forms intrude;
No ill thy bosom shall infest,
A place by Heaven alone possest.



E H T

T H E

T H E

R O S E.

C H I L D of summer, lovely Rose,
In thee what blushing beauty glows,
But ere to-morrow's setting sun,
Thy beauty fades, thy form is gone ;
Yet tho' no grace thy buds retain,
Thy pleasing odours still remain :
Cleora's smile, like thine, sweet flower,
Shall bloom and wither in an hour ;
But mental fragrance still will last,
When youth and youthful charms are past.
Ye Fair, betimes the moral prize,
'Tis lasting beauty to be wise.

T H E

E S S A Y S.

7

THE
VALLEY OF THE MOON.

TO FIDELIA.

FIDELIA, view yon starry sphere
Where we unnumber'd worlds survey:

Why should we longer loiter here,
Nor try to wing the pathless way?

By wise astronomers we're told,

There is a world in yonder Moon;
Where folks like us are young and old,
And share like us their night and noon.

In that new world Gonzales shews

The inhabitants are wond'rous wise,
For they possess the goods we lose,
And catch the pleasures we despise.

There, in a valley deep and wide,

Fitted as well for use as show,
In vials cork'd on every side,
They keep whate'er is lost below.

Prodigious this!—but there you'll find,
The hopes and fears that here were lost,
And wasted thither by the wind,
The sighs and vows of lovers crost.

There all the time that e'er was spent
At masquerades, at cards and dice,
And laws by hoary wisdom meant
To keep the sinking world from vice.

There charities of great and small,
And sums by subtle misers given
To build a church, or hospital,
Left wealth should miss its way to Heaven.

There courtiers proffers meet our eyes,
With the rewards which Kings have paid
To Sages for discoveries,
Before their coffins have been made.

Sincerity without disguise,
And benefaction free from pride;
With mighty heaps of good advice,
By fools despis'd and thrown aside.

A list of Patriots there you'll see,
 By golden letters finely rang'd,
 Who say'd a state without a fee,
 By place or pension never chang'd.

Could we but rumage all their store,
 What goods of ours we there should find;
 Fair hopes of mine, I'm sure a score,
 And all my FLAVIA's peace of mind.

And there's my fortune every groat,
 Whate'er my great forefather won,

When Cambria's ancient heroes fought,
 From castles storm'd and towns o'erthrown.

But fraud or folly is not there,
 Nor envy nor ill natur'd mirth,
 Nor rich men's scorn, nor pining care;
 For these were never lost on earth.



To MISS —

*On her giving the Author a Gold and Silk net-work
Purse of her own weaving.*

THOUGH gold and filk their charms unite,
To make thy curious web delight,
In vain the vary'd work would shine,
If wrought by any hand but thine,
Thy hand that knows the subtler art,
To weave those nets that catch the heart.

Spread out by me, the roving coin,
Thy nets may catch, but not confine,
Nor can I hope thy filken chain,
The glitt'ring vagrants shall restrain;
Why, SYLVIA, was it then decreed,
The heart, once caught, should ne'er be freed?

The CAUTION.

Distrustful Sense with modest Caution speak. POPE.

WHATE'ER we see, whate'er we hear,
 Let anxious prudence weigh;
 Falshood the mask of truth may wear,
 And gain unlawful sway.

We must not always judge by sight,
 Our eyes too oft deceive;
 Things alter in a different light,
 And different aspects give.

We must not lend a willing ear,
 To ev'ry specious tale,
 The cunning sport with the sincere,
 And pity but to rail.

Nor should we all we know relate,
For oft the busy tongue
Which tells the truth at any rate
Will do its neighbour wrong.

Cease then, ye fierce reformers, cease,
This furious zeal forbear,
If not for virtue, yet for peace,
CLEORA'S frailties spare.



TO MYRTILIS.

The New Year's Offering.

MADAM,

LONG have I look'd my tablets o'er,
And find I've much to thank you for,
Out-standing debts beyond account;
And new—Who knows to what amount?
Tho' small my wealth, not small my soul,
Come then, at once I'll pay the whole.

Ye Powers! I'm rich, and will command
The host of slaves that round me stand;
Come, Indian, quick disclose thy store,
And hither bring Peruvian ore:
Let yonder negroe pierce the main
The choicest, largest pearl to gain;
Let all my slaves their arts combine
To make the blushing ruby mine,
From eastern thrones the diamonds bear
To sparkle at her breast and ear.

Swift, Scythian, point th' unerring dart
 That strikes the Ermine's little heart,
 And search for choicest furs the globe,
 To make my MYRTILIS a robe.

Ah, no : Yon Indian will not go,
 No Scythian deigns to bend his bow.
 No fullen Negroe shoots the flood,
 How slaves— Or am I understood !
 All, all, my empty power disown,
 I turn, and find myself alone ;
 'Tis fancy's vain illusion all,
 Nor Moor nor Scythian waits my call.
 Can I command, can I consign ;
 Alas, what earthly thing is mine !

Come then, my Muse, companion dear
 Of poverty, and soul sincere,
 Come dictate to my grateful mind
 A gift that may acceptance find ;
 Come, gentle Muse, and with thee bear
 An offering worthy thee and her,

And

And tho' thy presents be but poor
My MYRTILIS will ask no more.
An heart that scorns a shameful thing
With love and verse is all I bring,
Of love and verse the gift receive,
'Tis all thy servant has to give.

If all whate'er my verse has told,
Golconda's gems and Afric's gold,
If all were mine from pole to pole,
How large her share who shares my soul?
But more than these may heaven impart;
Be thine the treasures of the heart,
Be calm, and glad thy future days
With virtue's peace, and virtue's praise.
Let jealous pride, and sleepless care,
And wasting grief, and black despair,
And languor chill, and anguish fell,
For ever shun thy grove and cell;
There only may the happy train,
Of love, and joy, and peace, remain;

May plenty with exhaustless store,
Employ thy hand to feed the poor,
And ever on thy honour'd head
The prayer of gratitude be shed.

A happy mother, mayst thou see
Thy smiling, virtuous progeny,
Whose sportful tricks, and airy play,
Fraternal love, and prattle gay,
Or wond'rous tale, or joyful song,
May lure the ling'ring hours along;
Till death arrive unfelt, unseen,
With gentle pace, and placid mien,
And waft thee to that happy shore,
Where wishes can have place no more.



HIC jacet —

Qui fuit,

In contemplandis pro Angelo ;

In agendis pro Dædalo ;

In viâ pro vehiculo ;

In mensâ pro convivio ;

In morbo patiens, pro miraculo ;

In morte fidelis pro exemplo.

Thus translated.

HERE POLLIO lies, whose contemplations fir'd
 With zeal angelical, to Heaven aspir'd ;
 Whose art the pile to raise, the plan to fill,
 Surpass the wonders of Dedalean skill ;
 Whose pleasing converse on the toilsome way,
 Dispell'd fatigue, and cheer'd the tedious day ;
 Whose grateful presence to the festal bowl,
 Supply'd the nobler banquet of the soul ;
 Whom patience taught, submissive, to sustain,
 The fierce attacks of long-continu'd pain ;
 Whose faith, in death unshaken, tow'r'd on high,
 And shew'd succeeding Christians how to die.

D

The

The H A P P Y L I F E.

Las d' esperer, et de me plaindre

De l' amour des Grands et de fort,

C'est ici que j' attends la mort,

Sans la desirer ou la craindre.

ST. AMAND.

TH R I C E happy they, who in an humble state
 Contented live, and aim not to be great ;
 Whose life not sunk in sloth is free from care,
 Nor tost by change, nor stagnant in despair ;
 Who chearfully receive each mercy given,
 And bless the lib'ral hand of bounteous Heaven ;
 Who with wise authors pass the instructive day,
 And wonder how the moments stole away ;
 Who gently taught by calm experience find
 No riches equal to a well form'd mind ;
 Who not retir'd beyond the sight of life,
 Behold its weary cares, its noisy strife ;
 And safe in virtue's philosophick cell,
 Content with thinking right, and acting well,

Mark rashness sporting on perdition's brink,
 And see the turrets of ambition sink ;
 Of life without a pang dissolve the tie,
 In peace decay, with resignation die.
 Breathe out the vital flame in humble trust,
 And mingle blameless with their native dust.



On a YOUNG LADY

Confined to her Chamber by SICKNESS.

CALLISTA spritely young and fair,
Disdain'd each borrow'd art,

Her lovely face and native air
Had charms for ev'ry heart.

Her presence gladden'd every place,
Where mirth or youth resort,
With easy greatness form'd to grace
The village or the court.

Of youth's gay spring the fairest flower,
Love sparkling in her eyes,
She seem'd unconscious of her power,
Yet still she won the prize.

At

At this the nymphs all jealous grew,
And all with one consent,
Enrag'd to Venus' altar flew,
To beg her banishment.

And soon th' extorted grant was sign'd,
Vain triumph of an hour,
" Let fair CALLISTA be confin'd,
" Till each has tried her pow'r."

Each nymph secure of conquest now
Commenc'd a rig'rous reign,
Repell'd with scoffs the tim'rous vow,
And scorn'd the modest strain.

The fair usurpers rul'd awhile
With boundless empire gay,
And Venus saw with wanton smile
The wastes of lawless sway.

At length provok'd, she cries, 'Tis time
To check the pow'r I gave,
CALLISTA shall avenge the crime
Of tyrant and of slave.

New

New roses in her cheeks shall bloom,
New lightnings point her eye ;
Where late a shepherd found his doom,
A nation now shall die.

The nymphs that smil'd at others pain
Themselves shall learn to smart,
And those who fill'd the servile train,
Shall feel a keener dart.



The

AN E P I T A P H

ON

C L A U D Y P H I L L I P S,

A M U S I C I A N.

PHILLIPS! whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r, and hapless love,
Rest here distressed by poverty no more,
Find here that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.



The

The W I S H.

LET mean ambition's vassals soar,
 And gather much and grasp at more,
 Disturb mankind to grace a name,
 Or rise by impudence to fame;
 Let swelling ostentation fix
 Her pleasures in a coach and fix.

Be this my wish, for this alone
 Could make me happier than a throne.
 —Yes—I am fix'd in my desire,
 Nor shall my clambering hopes aspire;
 Grant but an annual hundred pounds,
 No roving wish shall pass the bounds;
 Of Guinean or Peruvian ore,
 Witness, ye Gods! I ask no more.
 An hundred pounds a year—let's see—
 'Twill keep my friend, my maid, and me.

A little house, not high nor low,
 Undignified with Portico,

With

With chambers airy, parlour neat,
With cellars cool, and kitchen sweet,
Should shew its humble owner's mind,
Not grossly rude, though not refin'd.
To make it more delightful still,
I'd have it shelter'd with an hill,
Where through the shade of lofty trees,
Intent on honey dews, the bees
Should round my little garden fly,
And hum the note of industry.
A church hard by, and solemn bell,
Should mind me still of living well.
Sequester'd from the curious eye
Should stand my little library,
Where free my mornings might remain
From interruption, kind or vain;
There good divines should Heaven impart,
And Poets humanize the heart;
Philosophy improve the mind,
And Physic teach to aid mankind.

E n d My

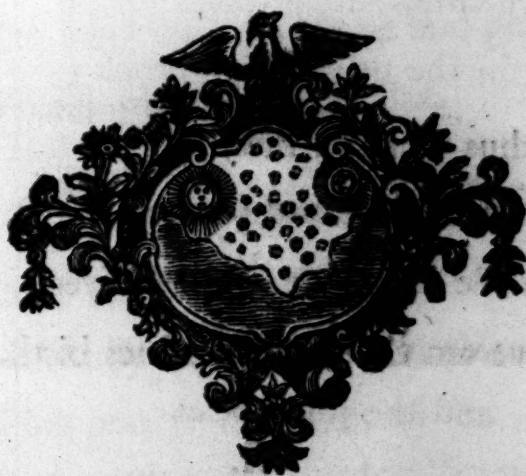
My closet with choice med'cines stor'd,
Should to the poor relief afford,
And still industrious would I find
Ease for the body, and the mind,
For others only learn to live,
Nor dream of riches, but to give.

My frugal board should still be spread,
With poultry which myself had fed,
Or else with fishes lately took
By angling in the neighb'ring brook ;
With this and all the rest to chime,
A small desert in summer time,
Of downy peaches from the tree,
The plum, the grape, the strawberry ;
The apple, and the juicy pear,
Each in their season should be there.

On such plain food, with home-made wine,
Some welcome friend should always dine,
Whose virtues and superior skill,
Should govern my unruly will ;

Or social spend the harmless day,
And read, or work, or walk, or play.

Thus calm and useful would I live,
Nor dream of riches, but to give.



TO CLEORA ON HER ABSENCE.

I.

THE northern climes to clouds and frost
 When the departing sun resigns,
 In half a year of darkness lost,
 The chill inhabitant repines.

II.

Regretted thus CLEORA flies,
 Fair source of love and joy and mirth,
 Withdraws the influence of those eyes
 That give ten thousand pleasures birth.

III.

Not long the happy Scythians mourn,
 Revolving suns the loss repay ;
 O would CLEORA thus return,
 And bless me with continued day !

The

The TRUE HERO.

There is no courage, but in innocence;

No constancy, but in an honest cause.

SOUTHERN.

TO whom shall bards in lasting lays
The hero's name assign,
To him who scorning blame and praise,
Treads virtue's narrow line.

Whose reason's sovereign pow'r restrains
Each rebel wish within,
Whose steady soul so firm remains,
That nought can bribe to sin.

Bid wasteful war with hideous train,
Let all its horrors roar,
With heaps of dead bestrew the plain,
And slaughter pant for more.

Or should he stand where earthquakes tear,
And bellowing tempests blow ;
Where mountains sudden rise, and where
Whole cities sink below.

With fearless heart, and easy mien,
He views the dreadful fight,
His guileless soul remains serene,
Prepar'd to take her flight.

No danger can disturb his rest,
Secure of heaven's defence ;
For what can shake the man whose breast
Is arm'd with innocence.



V E R S E S

VERSES address'd to Mr. RICHARDSON,
ON HIS
HISTORY of SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

LONG the loose wits of a degenerate age,
Had fill'd with ribaldry the venal page,
Scorn'd all restraints of virtue and of shame,
And rais'd the titled prostitute to fame;
Their idle novels thus the public pest,
Effus'd their bane, and poison'd every breast.

THOU, zealous friend of long insulted truth,
Didst first appear the guardian of our youth,
'Twas thine a juster lesson to impart,
And move the passions, but to mend the heart.
Bright PAMELA, in native beauty drest,
Then burst upon the world a welcome guest;
Each fair-one read, with emulation fir'd,
All joy'd to imitate what all admir'd.

NOR

NOR here, great mind, thy moral labours end,
Through life's wide round successive works extend,
From tale to tale the mighty plan pursue,
And raise new scenes before the unwearied view.

HERE, blest with mind, with fortune, and with face,
The virgin falls, but falls without disgrace;
Touch'd with the woes her suffering virtue felt,
The generous kindle, and the tender melt.
In distant times, when JONES and BOOTH are lost,
BRITANNIA her CLARISSA's name shall boast.

YET take from grateful worlds the present wreath,
Nor owe thy garland to the hand of death;
Even now, not rocks nor waves thy fame can bound,
The Rhine's rude banks CLARISSA's worth resound;
And Tuscan bards her mournful tale relate,
In groves where VIRGIL sung of Dido's fate.

As where the Alps in awful grandeur rise,
And mix their hoary summits with the skies,

All

All NATURE'S pow'r exhausted in the past
We think, but still the greatest is the last.

THUS every mind CLARISSA'S tomes rever'd ;
Great work of art, till GRANDISON appear'd.
The firm and kind, the daring and polite,
To form one character, in one unite ;
So highly finish'd, and so well design'd,
It charms with ev'ry grace of ev'ry mind.

IN BYRON all the softer beauties shine,
But heavenly CLEMENTINA'S worth be mine ;
At her distress each maid shall drop a tear,
Each pious maid her firm resolve revere,
Deplore her woes, and emulate her soul,
And learn from her their passions to controul.

THUS, in each character, new beauties shine,
And fresh instruction flows in ev'ry line.

THOU sweet preceptor of the rising age,
Let still another work thy thoughts engage ;
Proceed to teach, thy labours ne'er can tire,
Thou still must write, and we must still admire.

F

O long

O long may bounteous nature bid thee live,
Good to bestow, and honour to receive;
And when at fate's mild call, replete with praise,
Thou goest to join the great of ancient days,
Thy dust shall emblematick shades embow'r,
The hero's laurel, and the maiden's flow'r.



To

To Miss S. GREY.

ON HER SINGING.

WHEN DELIA strikes the trembling string,
She charms our list'ning ears;

But when she joins her voice to sing,

She emulates the spheres.

The feather'd songsters round her throng,

And catch the soothing notes;

To imitate her matchless song,

They strain their little throats.

The constant, mournful-cooing doves,

Attentive to her strain,

All mindful of their tender loves,

By list'ning sooth their pain.

Soft were the notes by Orpheus play'd

Which once recall'd his bride,

But had he sung like thee, fair maid!

The nymph had scarcely dy'd.

E P I T A P H

ON

MR. WORRAL OF WORCESTERSHIRE.

WHOE'ER thou art, whose roving eyes survey
These monuments of death, a moment stay.
Here WORRAL lies, who poor and unally'd
Rais'd his own fortune, and when rais'd, enjoy'd.
With hand unwearied, with unbounded heart,
Dext'rous to gain, and lib'ral to impart.
Ye rich, ye poor, th' important lore retain,
Nor let this last beneficence be vain.



To

T O M A R C U S.

U N H A P P Y those whom fame and pow'r
To hazard and to toil impell,

Whose cares pollute the social hour,
Who trembling stand where others fell.

Inconstant fortune in a day,
May change the monarch to the slave;
Or though he pass a pleasant way,
'Tis still a passage to the grave.

Rely not then on fortune's smiles,
Nor place thy hopes in tow'rs of air;
The goddess full of wanton wiles,
Derides the schemes of human care.

If thou pursue the call of fame,
Let virtue lead the dangerous way;
'Tis goodness makes a noble name,
The praise of worth shall ne'er decay.

Occa-

Occasioned by the MARRIAGE of MISS — and Mr. —.

Fælices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citiùs solvet amor die.

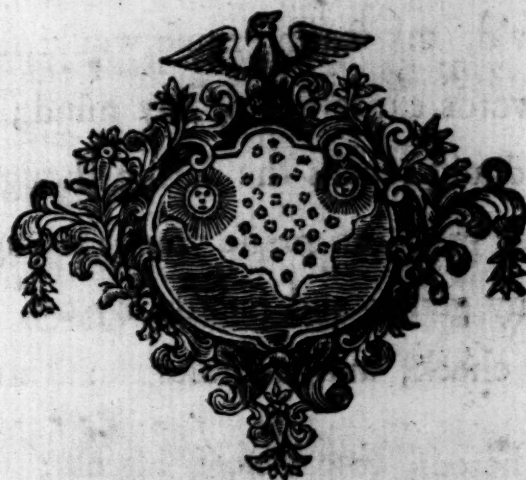
HOR.

BOW down, attentive Gods, and hear!
A prayer to love and friendship due,
Each bright inhabitant of air,
Shed blessings on this faithful pair,
Made one by love and you.

May never cares, nor fears, nor strife,
Disturb their calm, their sweet content;
Through all the various scenes of life;
Happy as happiest man and wife,
Be ev'ry blessing sent.

Like this, let every hour be blest,
May love and joy remain;
No anxious cares disturb their rest,
Nor clouds drive pleasure from their breast,
But endless transports reign.

The gen'rous pair whom Hymen joins,
Is more than trebly blest
Where mutual joy the hearts entwines,
And mutual worth the thoughts refines,
Till death call both to rest.



AN

AN ITALIAN SONG,

SUNG BY

MRS. MINGOTTI,

At the Beginning of the late War,

TRANSLATED.

YE nymphs, where worth and knowledge mix'd with
 Makes the bright mind a rival to the face, [grace,
 From my full heart, my tongue in grateful lays,
 Wou'd pour the tuneful tribute of your praise,
 By you approv'd, my soaring muse would find,
 Harmonious words expressive of my mind;
 But tim'rous doubt repells the daring thought,
 Nor voice, nor pen, can praise you as it ought:
 Fear checks my genius and retards my art,
 Glows on my cheek, and trembles round my heart.

YE British heroes, to my notes attend;
 With favour grace me, and your pow'r defend;
 By you approv'd I in this task engage,
 By you recall'd once more I tread the stage;
 No more to sing the virtues, or the crimes,
 Of ancient heroes born in distant climes,

Such

Such themes alone as to your fame belong
Shall tune my voice and animate my song;
Each favourite Fair exulting in your praise,
Shall aid the echoes of my festive lays.

The A I R.

THE lofty subject of my strain,

Shall next their daring efforts be;

Who strive from you, but strive in vain,

To wrest the trident of the sea:

Pleas'd Thames shall quit his rocky cave,

And listen to my Tuscan song,

Attention still his subject wave,

His laughing banks the notes prolong.



ON THE DEATH OF
STEPHEN GREY, F. R. S.

The AUTHOR of

The Present DOCTRINE of ELECTRICITY*.

LONG hast thou born the burthen of the day,
Thy task is ended, venerable GREY!
No more shall Art thy dext'rous hand require
To break the sleep of elemental fire;
To rouse the pow'rs that actuate Nature's frame,
The momentaneous shock, th' electrick flame,
The flame which first, weak pupil of thy lore,
I saw, condemn'd, alas! to see no more.

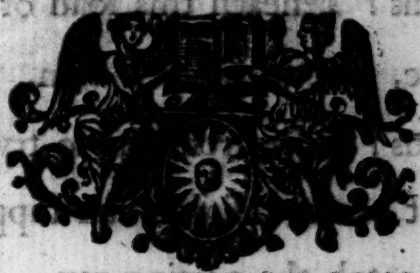
Now, hoary Sage, pursue thy happy flight,
With swifter motion haste to purer light,

* The Publisher of this Miscellany, as she was assisting Mr. Grey in his experiments, was the first that observed and notified the emission of the electrical spark from a human body.

Where

Where BACON waits with NEWTON and with BOYLE
 To hail thy genius, and applaud thy toil;
 Where intuition breaks through time and space,
 And mocks experiment's successive race;
 Sees tardy Science toil at Nature's laws,
 And wonders how th' effect obscures the cause.

YET not to deep research or happy guess
 Is ow'd the life of hope, the death of peace.
 Unblest the man whom philosophick rage
 Shall tempt to lose the Christian in the Sage;
 Not Art but Goodness pour'd the sacred ray
 That cheer'd the parting hour of humble GREY.



ON THE DEATH OF
SIR ERASMUS PHILIPPS,

Unfortunately drowned in the River Avon, near BATH,

October 15, 1743.

WHY dash the floods? What cries my soul affright?
How steep the precipice? how dark the night?
Then Virtue sunk in Avon's fatal wave,
No friend to succour, no kind hand to save;
The circling waters hide his sinking head,
The treach'rous bottom forms his oozy bed.
Behold the bloated corps, the visage pale;
See here what virtue, wealth, and birth avail.
What now remains? beneath this load of pain
To weep is nature, but to weep is vain.
What now remains? It yet remains to try
What hope, what peace, religion can supply:
It yet remains to catch the parting ray,
To note his worth ere mem'ry fade away,

To

To mark how various excellence combin'd,
Recount his virtues, and transcribe his mind:
It yet remains with holy rites to lay,
The breathless reliques in their kindred clay.
Ye wise, ye good, the holy rites attend,
Here lies the wise man's guide, the good man's friend.
Awhile let faith exalt th' adoring eye,
And meditation deep suspend the sigh;
Then close the grave, and sound the fun'ral knell,
Each drop a tear, and take a last farewell;
In peace retire, and wish to live as well.



B L O N D I A U X.

A relation from the President FAUCHET's Recueil de l' Origine de Langue et Poésie Françoisé, Ryme, et Romans. Printed at Paris by *Mamert Patisson* in 1581, and dedicated to HENRY III. King of *France* and *Poland*.

B LONDIAUX was a poet, of whom it is not told exactly when he lived or died, otherwise than as he is found to have been known to King Richard of England, who died in 1200. A good French Chronicle which is in my possession contains the following narrative.

RICHARD having had in the holy wars a quarrel with the Duke of Austria, was afraid at his return home to pass in his publick character through the Austrian dominions for fear of the Duke, or through those of France for fear of King Philip Augustus, and therefore travelled in disguise. But the Duke being informed

informed of his arrival, seized him and confined him in a castle, where he remained prisoner, none knowing for a long time where he was.

KING Richard had retained in his service a Minstrel or Bard, whose name was Blondel. The Bard missing his Master felt his subsistence cut short, and the happiness of his life very much impaired. He found the account well verified of the King's departure from the Holy Land, but met with none that could tell with certainty whither he was gone, and therefore wandered over many countries to try whether he could find him by any intelligence.

It happened after a considerable time thus spent, that Blondel came to a city near the castle in which King Richard his master was confined, and asking his host to whom it belonged, was told, that it was one of the fortresses of the Duke of Austria. Blondel then inquired whether there were any prisoners in it, which was a question that he always took some indirect

rect method of introducing; and was answered by his host, that there was one prisoner, who had been there more than a year, but that he was not able to tell who he was.

BLONDEL having received this information, made use of the general reception which Minstrels find, to make acquaintance in the castle; but though he was admitted, could never obtain a sight of the Prisoner, to know whether he was the King; till one day he placed himself over-against a window of the tower in which King Richard was kept, and began to sing a French song which they had formerly composed together. When the King heard the song, he knew that the singer was Blondel, and when half of it was sung, he began the other half and completed it. Blondel then knowing the residence and the condition of the King his master, went back to England, and related his adventure to the English Barons.

THIS is all the account which my book affords me of the life of Blondel *.

* The Names *Blondiaux* and *Blondel* are thus confounded by the Author.

The EXCURSION.

HAPPY thrice the harmless swain,
Tenant of the peaceful plain,
Far from business, noise and strife,
Blest with ev'ry sweet of life;
Far from all the toil of state,
All oppressions of the great;
Dancing blithe his nymph he leads
O'er the carpet of the meads;
While his neighbour's pipe or horn
Lulls the night or cheers the morn:
Healthy joy from labour springs,
Healthy joy the wish of Kings.

HERE Providence in bounty flows,
And joys on ev'ry sense bestows;
Here earth affords her kind increase,
With virtue gain'd, enjoy'd in peace;

H

The

The harvest rich, the fruitage fair,
Repay the cultivator's care.

HILLS where sportive lambkins stray,
Flocks that fleecy tribute pay;
Crystal streams whose murmuring rills
Stray between the flow'ry hills,
Meeting from a hundred dells,
Till the foaming river swells,
Swells beyond restraint, and laves
Happy lands with welcome waves;
While the crystal of the floods
Mocks the waving of the woods.

HERE flow'rs in sweet confusion strown,
O'er the verdant mead are blown;
Narcissus, near the rivers fair,
Smiles at itself reflected there:
Sad emblem of that lover's pride,
Who for himself too fondly died.

The crowfoot here with golden hue,
The cowslips sweet, the violets blue,
The blushing pinks, and lilies pale,
Like virgins fair, like virgins frail;
Soft daffodils of early bloom,
And daïsies fearful of the gloom.

BUT ah, those beauties soon must fall,
The ruthless scythe which levels all,
Must sweep their harmless sweets away,
And give their colours to decay.

HERE lofty groves invade the sky,
And all the tempest's rage defy;
The solid oak that awes the main,
The spreading elm of coarser grain,
Th' elastick eugh, whose distant wound
With England's rivals heap'd the ground;
The stubborn holly rough and bold,
That spreads her verdure to the cold,

And boasts her berries fair and ripe,
 Beneath December's icy gripe.
 All, all destruction's power shall feel,
 And fall before the fatal steel.
 See this, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave,
 And sink together in the grave.

THE squirrel climbs the nut tree bough,
 And strips the clusters as they grow ;
 The little mouse with humbler hope
 Tastes nature's bounties as they drop.

SEE all the feather'd warblers sing,
 To welcome the returning spring ;
 The blackbird, linnet, finch, and thrush,
 Pour out their songs from ev'ry bush ;
 The tuneful lark, whose tow'ring flight
 Fatigues the disappointed sight ;
 These little songsters mounted high,
 Harmonious carrol to the sky :

To heaven their tuneful off'ring pay,
And seem to hail the new-born day!

SWEET bird! instructed by thy lays,
Can man forget his Maker's praise?
Reviving from the shades of night,
Can he behold, th' all-quick'ning light,
Can he unclothe his sluggish eyes,
Nor send one rapture to the skies.

At eve, in softly mournful strains,
The love-lorn nightingale complains;
While as it strains its little throat,
Pleas'd Echo dwells on every note,
And sighs to hear the plaintive moan,
And grief expressive of her own.

How blest, my soul, how blest are those
Who pass a life in such repose;
Who still in rural shades abide,
Where all their hours thus smoothly glide;

Whose

Whose humble aims no higher tend,
Than to enjoy a book and friend ;
Whom anxious projects near molest,
Nor war nor love disturb their rest ;
Who form no wish of rising higher,
But learn betimes to check desire ;
Whose happy and yet humble state
Provokes no threat'ning frowns of fate :
So humble shrubs in safety grow,
When storms the lofty pine o'erthrow.

O HEAR, ye Pow'rs, a suppliant's voice,
Indulge my wish, approve my choice !
O grant me, wherefoe'er ye please,
A life of privacy and ease ;
No more those pleasures to pursue,
Which Fancy paints to Folly's view ;
Nor falsely fond, nor idly gay,
To waste the fashionable day ;

No

No more with craving heart to go,
From toy to toy, from show to show;
All day to counterfeit delight,
And long, to end the cheat, for night.

AFFORD me pleasures more serene;
Give me to range the sylvan scene,
Where Ceres full-ear'd sheaves abound,
And Flora paints th' enamel'd ground;
To feel, from every pressure free,
The joys of truth and poetry;
Let contemplation string my lyre,
And zeal supply poetick fire;
Then let me Nature's wonders sing,
And praise the power of Nature's King;
While as by chance I turn my sight,
New objects strike with new delight;
Till fresh ideas hourly spring,
And urge Imagination's wing.

HERE

HERE knowledge quick'ned by delight
Shall rouse the soul to vig'rous flight :
Rapt with the thought, methinks I rise
To meditate my kindred skies ;
At once the past and present view,
Compare the former with the new ;
Survey the world from pole to pole,
Join clime to clime, and grasp the whole ;
To each effect the cause conjoin,
And trace th' Original divine ;
Awaken'd hope directs my way,
Thro' all the spacious realms of day ;
Views the resplendent courts above,
Blest mansion of seraphick love !
Refulgent throne of pow'r divine,
Where calm celestial splendors shine ;
Whence beams of emanating light,
From nature chase retiring night.

QUICK

Quick to my breast new beauties rise,
I pant to range my native skies ;
But here encumber'd with her clay,
My soul must wait the final day ;
And now but short excursions make,
And joys thro' long perspectives take ;
Such joys as virtuous souls improve,
And heighten wonder into love.

THEN fill'd with rev'rence and delight,
Back to the world I take my flight ;
Back to my much-lov'd groves again,
Where honest joys alternate reign ;
Where thro' creation's mighty round,
Unnumber'd miracles abound,
And, form'd instruction to convey,
Th' Almighty Father's power display ;
Amaz'd I view the splendid dye
Of this enamel'd butterfly,

I

Amaz'd

Amaz'd each reptile insect fee,
Each blest with life as well as we.
Wherever we direct our eyes
Ten thousand various forms arise;
On each a life of diff'rent mode
By boundless Providence bestow'd;
From small to less, from high to higher,
Till reason, sense, and fancy tire;
While all in due proportion shine,
To prove th' economy divine.

WITH serious joy th' enlighten'd soul
Surveys a part, admires the whole;
Nor always silently surveys,
But, fir'd by gratitude to praise,
In holy confidence is blest,
And calmly waits eternal rest.

An

An O D E.

I.

C E A S E, ye profane, your impious rhimes,
Ye wanton poets of the times,

Whose wit is lavish'd in defence

Of folly, and the joys of sense;

The mischief-spreading verse forbear,

That taints the mind, and pains the modest ear.

Too strongly is our bark borne down the stream,

By passions pow'rful gale;

Ill does it then the Muse beseem

With modulated breath to swell the hasting sail.

II.

For what, ye sons of verse, was reason given,

Illustrious donative of Heaven;

For what, but with the charms of flowing lays,

To propagate the Donor's praise;

And lead with sweetest force the mind,

By mirth and melody combin'd,

To know and to revere the first great Cause:

Who fram'd the skies, and earth, and sea,
Gave us, and all that we behold, to be,
And rules the whole by wondrous laws.

III.

How can degenerate bards excuse
The fallies of a vitious Muse;
How poor a plea 'twou'd be to say,
That ye were borne, spite of yourselves, away,
To pen the gross or impious page,
And court the taste of a licentious age!
No more with conqu'ring truth debate,
Nor term your wickedness your fate;
No more with grov'ling views debase an art
Design'd to raise the thought and mend the heart.

IV.

Awake, ye sons of harmony,
And string anew the silver lyre;
To themes sublime your art apply,
And set the soul on fire:

Fear not to quit the common road,
And shew that to be wise is to be good ;
Till won to virtue by persuasive lays,
All practise what all now consent to praise.

V.

When blest Religion breathes in ev'ry strain,
And hallows the poetick vein,
Like tow'ring eagles soars the bard on high,
And dwells above the unpolluted sky.
Thus Moses tun'd his voice, thus Deb'rah sung,
And David's harp to airs divine was strung.

VI.

All-gracious God, to me the power impart,
To emulate their pious art:
Fain would I take a daring flight, and bring
From Heaven the verse that sings th' Eternal King.

Then

Then should my zeal stop piety's decay,
And light in ev'ry heart devotion's ray;
Till Nature's change my thoughts and verse inspire
With sweeter musick and sublimer fire.



An

An O D E,
ON THE
DEATH of the PATRIOT MARCUS.

Inscribed to POLLIO.

UNSKILL'D to trace th' eternal scheme,
Betray'd by ignorance to pride,

See man pursue the reas'ning dream,

Refine, examine, and decide.

In vain by woe, by wisdom taught,

Wild pride the griefs of life extends,

Still toiling in the mine of thought,

Still dark'ning as the search descends.

As through the Temple's awful gloom,

The Sceptick darts his curious eyes,

He marks the Patriot's honour'd tomb,

And fierce demands---Why Virtue dies?---

Dies, when through all the tainted age,
Corruption revels uncontroul'd,
When ev'ry bosom feels the rage
Of pleasure, or the lust of gold.

Why was example's friendly light
Amidst the shelves of guilt deny'd,
On fortune's waves, in errours night,
Why roves weak man without a guide?

While thus the Patriot's early doom,
Employs th' enquirer's daring tongue,
Another gazer eye's the tomb,
And asks---Why Virtue liv'd so long?

Why Virtue liv'd with useless pain,
Her pow'r in weak attempts to spend,
To teach, to blame, to mourn in vain,
And shame the world she could not mend?

What

What power, delighted with the strife,
To view the toil, with-held the prize;
Impell'd her to the storms of life,
And shut the harbour of the skies?

Let restless doubt, with fatal art,
Charge life alike, if long, or short;
Be he my guide, whose humbler heart,
Strong Faith and constant Hope support:

Who leaves to Heav'n its secret laws,
Unsearch'd by reason's feeble rays;
Adores and trusts th' Eternal Cause,
And not examines, but obeys.

Such wisdom can relief bestow,
On those who MARCUS' death deplore;
Or what shall calm their deeper woe,
Who live when POLLIO is no more.

K

The

THE
P E T I T I O N.

YE Pow'rs to my request attend,
And bless me with a faithful friend;
His conduct prudent, soul sincere,
His knowledge deep, his judgment clear,
Of temper firm, serene and kind,
His manners gentle, as his mind;
Whose hints might wake the rising thought,
Whose candour point the latent fault.
With such a friend, wherever plac'd,
On ZEMBLA'S ice, or AFRICK'S waste,
Content should guard my peaceful breast,
In friendship ev'ry wish possess.
Yet would the Pow'r that rules the skies,
Permit a bolder wish to rise,

I'd ask fair Virtue's golden mean,

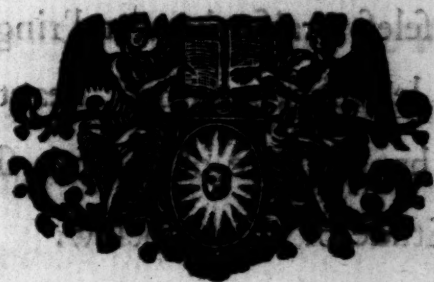
Th' extremes of wealth and want between;

No sigh for fame, or pomp, or pow'r,

Should steal upon the silent hour.

With pity, from an happier state,

I'd look on all the Prais'd and Great.



R E F L E C T I O N S

On a Grave digging in Westminster Abbey.

FATIGU'D with noisy crouds and pompous show,
To gloomy isles, and scenes of death I go,
Where mouldering trophies hang, while falling dust
Confutes the warrior's hope, the proud man's trust.
Where marble statues bending seem to mourn,
And point to flattery on the sculptur'd urn ;
Detain with useless praise the wand'ring eye,
To tell where learning, greatness, beauty lye.
These all the hapless state of mortals show,
The sad vicissitude of things below.

REFLECTION dwells on images like these,
And sober thought creeps on by slow degrees ;
A solemn stilness purifies my breast,
Calms all my thought, and bids my passions rest ;

In

In contemplation deep, I seem to see
What now I am, what shortly I shall be ;
Till by the noise of the descending spade
From studious thought recall'd, I turn my head.
Behold the gaping earth, and view beneath
Thy boasted victories, resistless death.
The sable chest that holds the mouldering dust,
No longer able to retain its trust,
To pieces fall'n, displays the dismal scene,
And shews the loathsome sceleton within.
Behold that eyeless scull, with ghastly stare,
And learn to estimate your charms, ye Fair.
Here once the curious palate ; here a tongue,
On which perhaps persuasive language hung ;
Here once was plac'd the sound-discerning ear ;
The seat of mem'ry and of judgment here ;
Here low'r'd the scornful look, the haughty brow,
Alas ! how alter'd, how neglected now ?
Now on the naked bones is left no trace,
Where every feature shew'd its proper grace ;

Fragments of limbs disjointed strew the floor,
Scarce can the eye discern the form they wore;
These once with ligaments were firmly strung,
Their veins and arteries in order hung,
Each part adapted well, complete the whole,
A dwelling suited to th' ethereal soul.

THIS monitory vault awhile survey,
Ye great, ye rich, ye giddy, proud, or gay;
Not flatter'd beauty, nor commanding state,
Can shun the general lot, or baffle fate:
The shatter'd body's ruin to survive
Is sacred virtue's great prerogative,
A life well spent dispels the dreadful gloom,
And cheers the terrors of the dreary tomb;
The marble dome, the sculptur'd bust shall fail,
And virtue only over time prevail.

The

The HAPPY SOLITUDE,

OR THE

WISHED RETIREMENT.

FATIGU'D with life, I yet methinks would live,
Free'd from the pains that fraud or folly give;
Where'er I turn, where'er direct my flight,
Folly, continual folly, meets my fight;
Man, thoughtless man, to sacred reason blind,
Obeys the dictates of his restless mind,
Ambition, vengeance, avarice conspire,
With luxury's delights, and anger's fire.
One toils for opulence, and one for fame,
To leave a fortune, or to leave a name;
Each labours restless for mistaken bliss,
All the plain road of true contentment miss;
With reason's scorn, with dignity's disgrace,
There fools contend, to fill the highest place;

There

There they like vapours, when exhal'd too high,
Shine glaring meteors of this lower sky;
There for a while, all dazzling they amaze,
And fright the world with their portentous blaze;
Till, having wasted all their boasted light,
They sink unpity'd to the realms of night.

For me, contented with an humble state,
'Twas ne'er my care, or fortune, to be great;
No pomp, no grandeur, no desire of fame,
No sordid wealth was ever yet my aim;
My highest wish, a well instructed mind,
Content with little, and to heav'n resign'd;
No passion but the noblest fill'd my breast,
And all I sought, and all I seek is rest,
Free from tumult'ous cares and busy strife,
May I enjoy the harmless sweets of life;
In rural shades, like the first fam'd abodes
Of happy men, oft visited by Gods,

There

There the remains of ling'ring life employ,
In holy solitude and silent joy,
No busy cares, should there my soul molest,
No past unkindness discompose my breast,
My still retreat, so pleasant, yet so low,
That all would envy, but that none should know;
Joy, peace, and love, with me should ever reign,
And true religion grace the godlike train;
There pleas'd and calm I'd look with pity down,
On those who bear th' incumb'rance of a crown.
Then, O great Arbiter of all below,
A ray of wisdom on my soul bestow,
That I may wisely Nature's works explore,
And thro' her works, may Nature's God adore;
Then with devotion fir'd I'd still address
My songs to thee, thy Providence to bless;
Thus calmly would my soul thy will await,
Nor wish a long, nor fear a shorter date;
But when death calls I'd meet him as a friend;
Thus would I live, and thus my life should end.

The Three W A R N I N G S.

A T. A L E.

THE tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground;
 'Twas therefore said by antient sages,
 That love of life increas'd with years
 So much, that in our latter stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.

THIS great affection to believe,
 Which all confess, but few perceive,
 If old assertions can't prevail,
 Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

WHEN sports went round, and all were gay
 On neighbour Dobson's wedding day,

Death call'd aside the jocund groom
With him into another room :
And looking grave, You must, says he,
Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.
With you, and quit my Susan's side !
With you ! the hapless husband cry'd :
Young as I am ; 'tis monstrous hard ;
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd :
My thoughts on other matters go,
This is my wedding night, you know.

WHAT more he urg'd I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger ;
So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,
Neighbour, he said, farewell : No more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour,

And further to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several Warnings you shall have
Before you're summon'd to the grave :
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve ;
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But when I call again this way
Well-pleas'd the world will leave.

To these conditions both consented,
And parted, perfectly contented.

WHAT next the Hero of our tale befell,
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursu'd his course,
And smok'd his pipe and strok'd his horse,
The willing Muse shall tell :

He

He chaffer'd then, he bought, he fold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,

Nor thought of Death as near ;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,

He pass'd his hours in peace ;
But while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,

Brought on his eightieth year.

AND now one night in musing mood,
As all alone he fate,
Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

HALF kill'd with anger and surprize,
So soon return'd! old Dobson cries.

So soon, d'ye call it! Death replies:

Surely,

Surely, my friend, you're but in jest.

Since I was here before,

'Tis fix and thirty years at least,

And you are now fourscore.

So much the worse, the Clown rejoind :

To spare the aged would be kind :

However, see your search be legal ;

And your authority---Is't regal ?

Else you are come on a fool's errand,

With but a secretary's warrant.

Besides, you promis'd me Three Warnings,

Which I have look'd for nights and mornings.

But for that loss of time and ease,

I can recover damages.

I know, cries Death, that at the best,

I seldom am a welcome guest ;

But don't be captious, friend, at least :

I little

I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length,
I wish you joy tho' of your strength.

HOLD, says the Farmer, not so fast,
I have been lame these four years past.

AND no great wonder, Death replies,
However you still keep your eyes,
And sure to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends.

PERHAPS, says Dobson, so it might,
But latterly I've lost my fight.

THIS is a shocking story, faith,
Yet there's some comfort still, says Death;
Each strives your sadness to amuse,
I warrant you hear all the news.

THERE'S

THERE'S none, cries he, and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf I could not hear.

NAY then, the spectre stern rejoin'd,
These are unjustifiable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your three sufficient Warnings.
So come along, no more we'll part,
He said, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now old Dobson turning pale,
Yields to his fate---so ends my Tale.



BOILEAU to his GARDENER.

WHEN BOILEAU was engaged in writing the Ode on the Conquest of Namur, that he might pursue his design without interruption he retired to his country house. His custom was to compose his verses as he walked in his garden. One day as he was giving a loose to his imagination in full confidence of total solitude, and reciting his Stanzas with great emphasis of voice and violence of gesticulation, he espied ANTONY his Gardener peeping through the hedge in deep astonishment, and remarking his commotion of mind and distortions of body. The Master and Servant looked awhile at one another with equal curiosity, and parted. Upon this occasion BOILEAU wrote to ANTONY the following Epistle, which is one of his most pleasing works.

M

B O I-

BOILEAU to his GARDENER.

EPISTLE XI.

WHILE you laborious ANTONY employ
 Your honest pains t' increase your Master's joy,
 Your easy Master, who of all mankind
 To make you happy seems by heav'n design'd,
 While tonfile Eughs obey your forming hand,
 And twining Woodbines climb at your command,
 Why cannot I the mental garden till
 With equal happiness or equal skill?
 Teach the tough brambles of my heart to yield,
 And smooth my temper as you smooth my field!

But stay; neglect awhile your fav'rite flow'r,
 And deign with me to waste one idle hour;
 What think you when with hasty steps you run
 To rear yon Myrtles to the rising sun

With kindly drops revive the with'ring roots
And guard from vernal blasts the future fruits ;
Or when at eve you tread the tedious round
And drag the roller up the rising ground,
If your incautious steps the gloom pervade,
Where your mad Master haunts the silent glade,
And with erratick gait, and kindling eyes,
Now stamps the ground, now gazes on the skies.
You stare affrighted at his furious fits,
And fear his bursting lungs or failing wits !

Perhaps you think by learning's rage possesst,
The sev'n bold Champions glory fires his breast ;
Nor recollect, though told it in the town,
That your old Master, now a Courtier grown,
The glories of a greater King recites
Than famous ARTHUR, and his fabled Knights.
If high Namur beneath his batt'ry falls,
Well may the thunder shake our feeble walls.

But were you told what project new and vain
Has lately rag'd in my distemper'd brain,
That I, who cities in my song o'erthrew,
Now rack my head for rhymes to write to you,
How high would honest indignation swell?
I know your thoughts, and what I know will tell.

My Master's wit, thus ANTONY would cry,
The world has long admir'd as well as I;
With words at will, equip him with a gown,
He'd talk a Lawyer and a Parson down;
But were he forc'd like ANTONY to toil,
To clip the hedges, and to turn the soil,
This wild parterre to smoothe with daily care,
The borders regulate, the beds repair,
Our Linnets might in peace possess their loves
And no strange noises fright them from their groves.—

'Tis by such instances we daily find
How false appearances deceive mankind.

With

With partial sentence ANTONY you deem,
My hours spent idly, idle though they seem;
Behold my wand'ring steps with frown severe,
And think yourself the only lab'rer here.
How would you change your notions and your style,
Could you forsake the gard'ner's trade awhile,
Made by some power in some malicious fit
For two long days an Authour and a Wit,
And doom'd to spend in mending verse or prose,
Days without mirth, and nights without repose.
When studious to secure the Critic's praise
By rustic images, but polish'd phrase,
The garden's flow'ry beauties you rehearse,
And spread their colours through your varied verse;
With each low shrub your lofty song adorn,
And with her clust'ring blossoms heap the thorn.
From such fatigues returning lean and pale,
Burnt as with heat, and batter'd as with hail,
How would you wish the water-pot and rake,
In your hard fingers once again to take,

To train the ductile branches as you please,
And lop the wild luxuriance from my trees,
Nor more expose your health in nightly dews
To watch the motions of th' unwilling Muse;
Henceforth content the beaten track to tread,
Nor craze with unaccording rhymes your head.

Now from this Idler you so long despis'd,
Attentive learn how labour should be priz'd;
Learn first that Man an active life demands,
Learn next that heav'n requires it at his hands.

These fix'd, unalterable laws to shun,
Poets in vain to their retirement run,
Vainly the Syren Sisters spread their snares,
Vainly this bow'r her pendant sweets prepares.
Here strong expression dwells of race divine,
And soft *Cæsura*, fav'rite of the Nine,
Here Rhyme, fantastic maid, with fetters plays,
And promises her vot'ry easy praise,

In

In vain : While care and toil her groves invade
And the Bard pants beneath the laurel's shade.

Yet tho' in hopes and fears his life be spent,
His pride, at least his pride, affords content ;
With joy his growing volume he surveys,
And distant eyes the sweet return of praise.
How different with the weight of time oppress'd
Th' impatient sluggard vainly prays for rest,
And leaning listless in his elbow chair,
Inviting indolence, but feeding care;
Unknown to labour, and to science dead,
Refts on his weary hands his useless head.
With curses raging at the tardy day,
The worthless, hopeless mortal pines away.
How oft by sense impell'd, by pain persued,
Sick of mankind, more sick of solitude,
He calls for pleasure.—But, he calls in vain,
Gout, stone and cholic, all the dreadful train.

His

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His

His steps attend, nor far behind appear
Pale Med'cine's gloomy fons scarce less severe:
Now learns the wretch, to misery consign'd,
That he who shuns fatigue, fatigue shall find;
Doom'd on his down each change of toil to feel,
Dig the damp mine, or forge the burning steel.

Thou then, good ANTONY, whose humble part,
This man of pleasure envies in his heart,
Awhile attend my song, and learn of me
To plead the cause of virtuous poverty.
Here on my fav'rite subject let me dwell,
Each period strengthen, and each cadence swell;
Prove that all happiness in action lies,
The rich, luxurious loiterer despise,
And term the busy Poor the only wise:
With warmth the usefulness of labour prove,
And sing the praises of the life I love.

But

But hold! I see your mouth wide open drawn,
And inattention lengthening ev'ry yawn,
Your eyelids drop, good hint for my discourse,
That if not quickly dropt will lose its force.
Those thirsty flow'rets too your care demand
And wonder what new holiday's at hand.



An O D E

ON

F R I E N D S H I P.

I.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar gift of heav'n,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To Men and Angels only giv'n,
To all the lower world deny'd:

II.

While Love, unknown among the blest,
Parent of rage and hot desires,
The human and the savage breast
Inflames alike with equal fires.

III. With

III.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly,
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the fav'rites of the sky.

IV.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys
On fools and villains ne'er descend;
In vain for thee the Monarch sighs,
And hugs a flatt'rer for a friend.

V.

When virtues kindred virtues meet,
And sister-souls together join,
Thy pleasures permanent as great,
Are all transporting, all divine.

VI.

O! Shall thy flames then cease to glow
When souls to happier climes remove?
What rais'd our virtue here below
Shall aid our happiness above.

TO LAURA:

ON HER LETTER IN PRAISE OF THE COUNTRY.

Delightful groves, with LAURA's presence blest
Well may you smile, who shade so bright a guest!
Well may your roses bloom! your coverts ring,
With all the chorus of harmonious Spring;
And thousand beauties crown the various scene,
Above description, but by LAURA's pen.

Perhaps, as PRISCA tells, the Fairy-kind,
Pleas'd with so bright a form, so pure a mind,
With heav'nly musick fill the fragrant air,
And warble round the solitary Fair;
In brighter colours the glad vales array,
To court her visits and prolong her stay.

Yet, lovely LAURA, quit with just disdain
These seats, where solitude and silence reign:

Let

Let dull Severity to deserts fly,
Live unadmir'd, and unlamented die.
A soul like thine with influence unconfin'd,
Should shine a publick light to human-kind;
True goodness in its native form display,
Politely strict, and innocently gay;
By bright example make fair Virtue known,
And aid her flighted beauties with its own.



A TRANSLATION
OF THE LATIN EPITAPH
On Sir THOMAS HANMER.

WRITTEN BY DOCTOR FRIEND.

THOU, who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
Pause at this tomb where HANMER's ashes lie;
His various worth, through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues, while thou mourn'st his end.

His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth;
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.

Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the studious shade;
In life's first bloom his publick toils began,
At once commenc'd the Senator and Man.

In bus'ness dex'trous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the State ;
In ev'ry speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
In ev'ry act refulgent virtue glow'd.
Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.

Resistless merit fix'd the Senate's choice,
Who hail'd him Speaker, with united voice.
Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,
When HANMER fill'd the chair, and ANN the throne.

Then, when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of State,
The moderator firmly mild appear'd,
Beheld with love, with veneration heard.

This task perform'd, he sought no gainful post,
Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost ;
Strict, on the right he fix'd his steadfast eye,
With temp'rate zeal, and wise anxiety ;

Nor

Nor e'er from virtue's path was lur'd aside,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure or of pride.

Her gifts despis'd, corruption blush'd and fled,
And fame pursu'd him, where conviction led.

Age call'd at length his active mind to rest,
With honour fated, and with cares oppress'd;
To letter'd ease retir'd, and honest mirth,
To rural grandeur, and domestick worth;
Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
The Patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.

Calm conscience then his former life survey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the shade;
Till nature call'd him to the gen'ral doom,
And virtue's sorrow dignify'd his tomb.

The

RASSELAS to IMLAC.

Inopem me copia fecit.

OVID.

I KNOW, my friend, kind nature here profuse,
Still pours with lib'ral hand her blooming store;
And mimic Art, for pleasure and for use
Fills each desire; scarce leaves a wish for more.
Yet still unsatisfy'd, with ease oppress'd,
I drag, reluctant, pleasure's flow'ry chain,
Still wanting something, something unpossess'd,
To rouse, t' impel: but what I can't explain.
Anxious to act and yet pursuing nought,
The same dull tract I traverse round and round,
I pluck the blooming flow'rs with vacant thought,
Then drop them, listless, languid, on the ground.

O

And

And oh, I cry, ye harmless, gentle flocks,
From mine how diff'rent is your happy state,
You do not wish to pass yon hanging rocks,
Or feel like me dull time's oppressive weight.

No strong desires their peaceful breasts annoy
Some happier, distant region to explore,
Still here enjoying all they can enjoy,
They rest content, nor ask of heav'n for more.

Not that I envy them their stupid ease,
Unfit for man endu'd with reason's force,
'Tis comfort still whate'er distresses seize
To feel the pow'r, to feel, and trace its source.

With ceaseless pleasure languid and unbent
Here no alternative the soul impow'rs
To separate ease from shadowing discontent,
But twilight gloom suspends the cheerless hours.

Then can you wonder I'm depriv'd of joy,
Since joys, my friend, imply sensations new;
Here constant pleasure does herself destroy,
And false perhaps appears, because too true.

Where most she reigns, within the palace gate,
In sport and revelry's perpetual round,
Still I'm unblest, tho' gilded rooms of state
With musick's voice and festive mirth resound.

Tho' costly viands deck the genial board,
And juice nectareous crowns the laughing bowl,
To sense alone, these, pleasures can afford,
But cannot, IMLAC, cannot touch the soul.

She mounts indignant, leaves as dross behind,
These sensual low pursuits for low desires,
On freedom's pinions, joyous, unconfin'd,
Far from this tinsel, gaudy scene retires.

But soon rememb'rance checks her rapid flight,
The same dull, tasteless scenes again return,
Again disgusted with each worn delight,
I wander pensive, joyless and forlorn.

How sweet that state where freedom reigns, how blest
—Where social union man to man endears;
With friendship's balm to heal the wounded breast,
With pitying hand to wipe the widow's tears.

Oh let me taste that great, that godlike pow'r,
Bless and be bless'd, cherish, assist mankind;
Protect the Innocent, relieve the Poor,
And lawless guilt in tenfold fetters bind.

The harden'd wretch who robb'd the orphan maid
Of all she had, of all her little store,
By him she lov'd, the most oppress'd, betray'd,
That wretch shall soonest feel my vengeful pow'r.

Aid

Aid me, my friend, together let us try,
To pierce yon horrid rocks that bound our fight,
Or else with wings my struggling arms supply
To steer my devious course, and speed my flight.

Methinks already poiz'd I skim the skies,
Groves, grotts, and lawns, your pleasures I resign;
New social scenes now meet my ravish'd eyes,
The wide, the busy world, my friend, is mine.

STELLA.



AN:

An O D E.

Nec possidentem multa vocaveris
 Recte beatum, rectius occupat
 Nomen beati, que deorum
 Muneribus sapienter uti,
 Duramque callet pauperiem pati.

HORACE.

THE man devoid of care and strife
 Who thro' the various paths of life
 Pursues the golden mean,
 Blest in himself, serenely smiles
 At fortune's gay, fantastic wiles,
 For virtue is his aim.

On that firm rock his hopes are fix'd,
 The source from whence, unstain'd, unmix'd,
 His joys for ever flow ;
 Tho' tempests gather o'er his head,
 His soul undaunted feels no dread,
 For virtue wards the blow.

Ambition

Ambition spreads her snares in vain,
His foul contemns the gaudy train,
The pageantry of pow'r;
His hopes on higher views are bent,
He from the sky brings down content,
With all her heav'nly dow'r.

Soft tranquil joys around her throng,
To virtue only they belong,
Which cherish'd still increase;
And join'd with heav'nly charity,
Allure the soul to harmony,
And everlasting peace.

STELLA.



To Miss * * *.

ON HER PLAYING UPON THE HARPSICORD
IN A ROOM HUNG WITH SOME FLOWER-PIECES
OF HER OWN PAINTING.

WHEN STELLA strikes the tuneful string,
In scenes of imitated Spring,
Where beauty lavishes her pow'rs,
On beds of never-fading flow'rs,
And pleasure propagates around,
Each charm of modulated sound,
Ah! think not, in the dang'rous hour,
The nymph fictitious, as the flow'r;
But shun, rash youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the snares of wily love.

When charms thus press on ev'ry sense,
What thought of flight, or of defence?

Deceitful Hope, and vain Desire,
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
Delighting, as the youth draws nigh,
To point the glances of her eye,
And forming, with unerring art,
New chains to hold the captive heart.

But on these regions of delight,
Might Truth intrude with daring flight,
Could STELLA, sprightly, fair and young,
One moment hear the moral song,
Instruction with her flow'rs might spring,
And Wisdom warble from her string.

Mark, when from thousand mingled dyes,
Thou see'st one pleasing form arise,
How active light, and thoughtful shade,
In greater scenes each other aid;
Mark, when the different notes agree
In friendly contrariety,

P

How

How passion's well-accorded strife,
Gives all the harmony of life,
Thy pictures shall thy conduct frame,
Consistent still, though not the same,
Thy musick teach the nobler art
To tune the regulated heart.



The

The N U N N E R Y.

Da mihi perpetuâ, Genitor charissime, dixit
 Virginitate frui; dedit hoc pater ante Dianæ.

OVID.

WHAT wond'rous projects form'd the fickle Fair?
 How stately rose the castle built in air,

When maids their charms from lovers' eyes to screen

Made a rash vow no longer to be seen?

Whose pen shall dare to tell what secret cause,

Incited nymphs to spurn great Hymen's laws?

Or shew how soon the fatal cov'nant fail'd,

And mirth, and flattery, and shew prevail'd?

Of maids a beauteous bevy late disdain'd,

In matrimonial fetters to be chain'd;

All banish man with one consenting voice,

Some think by force, but more agree by choice.

But how this bold rebellion to maintain,

A thousand stratagems fill every brain;

Through diff'rent ways their resolutions tend,
But all unite in the same fatal end.

ROUND the tea-table many a time they fate,
Th' important scheme at leisure to debate ;
Till one prolifick Head above the rest,
With serious mien th' assembled Fair address.

How blest the nymphs in cloister'd walks immur'd,
From all the follies of the world secur'd ;
With what contempt its empty pomp they view,
And with its pleasures bid its cares adieu ;
Whatever joys they see, they envy none,
Because no state is equal to their own.
Triumphant Votaries! whose hearts possess
Unshaken peace and genuine happiness.
This bliss shall no good Protestant obtain ?
Shall only Papists break the nuptial chain ?
Forbid it, Stars ! Let English wit contrive,
At equal ease and liberty to live.

If you, my Sisters, this advice approve,
My scheme our ills will cure, our fears remove ;

Each fleeting will more durably to bind,
Let all our fortunes in one stock be join'd ;
Then where some gloomy grove or lonely plain,
Hears the faint murmurs of the distant main,
Let modest art a pleasing mansion build,
With thirty willing vot'ries to be fill'd ;
But volunteers alone let choice admit,
One cross'd in love is but a hypocrite.
One only male our vestal floor shall tread,
A priest with ardent heart and hoary head,
Of blameless manners, and of learning tried,
To read good lessons, and good books provide.
Hereafter on the hours we will agree,
For pray'r, for work, for reading and for tea.

Thus spoke the Fair : The project all commend,
And all their wishes to the Nunnery bend.

The Chaplain nam'd, and articles begun,
 Full half the work appear'd already done:
 Whene'er they met they spoke of future joys,
 And the Nun's Castle all their thoughts employs.

BUT when the various statutes were survey'd,
 And nicely read by each judicious maid,
 What sudden changes in their looks appear!
 Some are too mild, and some are too severe.
 DORINDA cry'd, are visits then a crime?
 And shall we see no friends at any time?
 Shall dancing be allow'd, SEMPRONIA said,
 And yet no partner ever to be had?
 Must no man enter here? brisk LUCIA cry'd:
 Then burn the plan, fair THESTYLIS reply'd:
 Let fellows rather stile me Wife than Nun.
 And thus the Castle sunk ere yet begun.

The

The FOUNTAINS:

A FAIRY TALE.

*Felix qui potuit boni**Fontem visere lucidum.*

BOETHIUS.

AS FLORETTA was wandering in a meadow at the foot of Plinlimmon, she heard a little bird cry in such a note as she had never observed before, and looking round her, saw a lovely Goldfinch entangled by a lime-twigg, and a Hawk hovering over him, as at the point of seizing him in his talons.

FLORETTA longed to rescue the little bird, but was afraid to encounter the Hawk, who looked fiercely upon her without any apparent dread of her approach, and as she advanced seemed to increase in bulk, and clapped his wings in token of defiance. FLORETTA stood deliberating a few moments, but seeing her mother

at no great distance, took courage, and snatched the twig with the little bird upon it. When she had disengaged him she put him in her bosom, and the Hawk flew away.

FLORETTA shewing her bird to her mother, told her from what danger she had rescued him; her mother, after admiring his beauty, said, that he would be a very proper inhabitant of the little gilded cage, which had hung empty since the Starling died for want of water, and that he should be placed at the chamber window, for it would be wonderfully pleasant to hear him in the morning.

FLORETTA, with tears in her eyes, replied, that he had better have been devoured by the Hawk than die for want of water, and that she would not save him from a less evil to put him in danger of a greater: She therefore took him into her hand, cleaned his feathers from the bird-lime, looked upon him with great tenderness,

ness, and, having put his bill to her lips, dismissed him into the air.

HE flew in circles round her as she went home, and perching on a tree before the door, delighted them awhile with such sweetness of song, that her mother reproved her for not putting him in the cage. FLORETTA endeavoured to look grave, but silently approved her own act, and wished her mother more generosity. Her mother guessed her thoughts, and told her, that when she was older she would be wiser.

FLORETTA however did not repent, but hoped to hear her little bird the next morning singing at liberty. She waked early and listened, but no Goldfinch could she hear. She rose, and walking again in the same meadow, went to view the bush where she had seen the lime-twig the day before.

WHEN she entered the thicket, and was near the place for which she was looking, from behind a blossom-

Q

ing

ing hawthorn advanced a female form of very low stature, but of elegant proportion and majestick air, arrayed in all the colours of the meadow, and sparkling as she moved like a dew-drop in the sun.

FLORETTA was too much disordered to speak or fly, and stood motionless between fear and pleasure, when the little lady took her by the hand.

I am, said she, one of that order of beings which some call Fairies, and some Piskies: We have always been known to inhabit the crags and caverns of Plinlimmon. The maids and shepherds when they wander by moonlight have often heard our musick, and sometimes seen our dances.

I am the chief of the Fairies of this region, and am known among them by the name of Lady LILINET of the Blue Rock. As I lived always in my own mountain, I had very little knowledge of human manners,
4 and

and thought better of mankind than other Fairies found them to deserve; I therefore often opposed the mischievous practices of my sisters without always enquiring whether they were just. I extinguished the light that was kindled to lead a traveller into a marsh, and found afterwards that he was hasting to corrupt a virgin: I dissipated a mist which assumed the form of a town, and was raised to decoy a monopolizer of corn from his way to the next market: I removed a thorn, artfully planted to prick the foot of a churl, that was going to hinder the Poor from following his reapers; and defeated so many schemes of obstruction and punishment, that I was cited before the Queen as one who favoured wickedness and opposed the execution of fairy justice.

HAVING never been accustomed to suffer control, and thinking myself disgraced by the necessity of defence, I so much irritated the Queen by my sullenness and petulance, that in her anger she transformed me into a Goldfinch. *In this form, says she, I doom thee to remain*

till some human being shall shew thee kindness without any prospect of interest.

I flew out of her presence not much dejected; for I did not doubt but every reasonable being must love that which having never offended, could not be hated, and, having no power to hurt, could not be feared.

I therefore fluttered about the villages, and endeavoured to force myself into notice.

HAVING heard that nature was least corrupted among those who had no acquaintance with elegance and splendor, I employed myself for five years in hopping before the doors of cottages, and often sat singing on the thatched roof; my motions were seldom seen nor my notes heard, no kindness was ever excited, and all the reward of my officiousness was to be aimed at with a stone when I stood within a throw.

THE stones never hurt me, for I had still the power of a Fairy.

I then

I then betook myself to spacious and magnificent habitations, and sung in bowers by the walks or on the banks of fountains.

IN these places where novelty was recommended by satiety, and curiosity excited by leisure, my form and my voice were soon distinguished, and I was known by the name of the pretty Goldfinch; the inhabitants would walk out to listen to my musick, and at last it was their practice to court my visits by scattering meat in my common haunts.

THIS was repeated till I went about pecking in full security, and expected to regain my original form, when I observed two of my most liberal benefactors silently advancing with a net behind me. I flew off, and fluttering beside them pricked the leg of each, and left them halting and groaning with the cramp.

I then went to another house, where for two springs and summers I entertained a splendid family with such
melody

melody as they had never heard in the woods before. The winter that followed the second summer was remarkably cold, and many little birds perished in the field. I laid myself in the way of one of the ladies as benumbed with cold and faint with hunger; she picked me up with great joy, telling her companions that she had found the Goldfinch that sung so finely all summer in the myrtle hedge, that she would lay him where he should die, for she could not bear to kill him, and would then pick his fine feathers very carefully, and stick them in her muff.

FINDING that her fondness and her gratitude could give way to so slight an interest, I chilled her fingers that she could not hold me, then flew at her face, and with my beak gave her nose four pecks that left four black spots indelible behind them, and broke a match by which she would have obtained the finest equipage in the county.

At

At length the Queen repented of her sentence, and being unable to revoke it, assisted me to try experiments upon man, to excite his tenderness, and attract his regard.

WE made many attempts in which we were always disappointed. At last she placed me in your way held by a lime-twigg, and herself in the shape of a Hawk made the shew of devouring me. You, my dear, have rescued me from the seeming danger without desiring to detain me in captivity, or seeking any other recompence than the pleasure of benefiting a feeling creature.

THE Queen is so much pleased with your kindness, that I am come, by her permission, to reward you with a greater favour than ever Fairy bestowed before.

THE former gifts of Fairies, though bounties in design, have proved commonly mischiefs in the event. We have granted mortals to wish according to their own discretion, and their discretion being small, and their wishes irreversibile, they have rashly petitioned for
their

their own destruction. But you, my dearest FLORETTA, shall have, what none have ever before obtained from us, the power of indulging your wish, and the liberty of retracting it. Be bold and follow me.

FLORETTA was easily persuaded to accompany the Fairy, who led her through a labyrinth of craggs and shrubs, to a cavern covered by a thicket on the side of the mountain.

THIS cavern, said she, is the court of LILINET your friend; in this place you shall find a certain remedy for all real evils. LILINET then went before her through a long subterraneous passage, where she saw many beautiful Fairies, who came to gaze at the stranger, but who, from reverence to their mistress, gave her no disturbance. She heard from remote corners of the gloomy cavern the roar of winds and the fall of waters, and more than once entreated to return; but LILINET assuring her that she was safe, persuaded her to proceed till they came to
an

an arch, into which the light found its way through a fissure of the rock.

THERE LILINET seated herself and her guest upon a bench of agate, and pointing to two Fountains that bubbled before them, said, Now attend, my dear FLORETTA, and enjoy the gratitude of a Fairy. Observe the two Fountains that spring up in the middle of the vault, one into a bason of alabaſter, and the other into a bason of dark flint. The one is called the Spring of Joy, the other of Sorrow; they riſe from diſtant veins in the rock, and burſt out in two places, but after a ſhort courſe unite their ſtreams, and run ever after in one mingled current.

By drinking of theſe fountains, which, though ſhut up from all other human beings, ſhall be always acceſſible to you, it will be in your power to regulate your future life.

R

WHEN

WHEN you are drinking the water of joy from the alabaster fountain, you may form your wish, and it shall be granted. As you raise your wish higher, the water will be sweeter and sweeter to the taste; but beware that you are not tempted by its increasing sweetness to repeat your draughts, for the ill effects of your wish can only be removed by drinking the spring of sorrow from the basin of flint, which will be bitter in the same proportion as the water of joy was sweet. Now, my FLORETTA, make the experiment, and give me the first proof of moderate desires. Take the golden cup that stands on the margin of the spring of joy, form your wish and drink.

FLORETTA wanted no time to deliberate on the subject of her wish; her first desire was the increase of her beauty. She had some disproportion of features. She took the cup and wished to be agreeable; the water was sweet, and she drank copiously; and in the fountain,
which

which was clearer than crystal, she saw that her face was completely regular.

SHE then filled the cup again, and wished for a rosy bloom upon her cheeks: the water was sweeter than before, and the colour of her cheeks was heightened.

SHE next wished for a sparkling eye: The water grew yet more pleasant, and her glances were like the beams of the sun.

SHE could not yet stop; she drank again, desired to be made a perfect beauty, and a perfect beauty she became.

SHE had now whatever her heart could wish; and making an humble reverence to LILINET, requested to be restored to her own habitation. They went back, and the Fairies in the way wondered at the change of ELORETTA's form. She came home delighted to her mother, who, on seeing the improvement, was yet more delighted than herself.

HER mother from that time pushed her forward into publick view : FLORETTA was at all the resorts of idleness and assemblies of pleasure ; she was fatigued with balls, she was cloyed with treats, she was exhausted by the necessity of returning compliments. This life delighted her awhile, but custom soon destroyed its pleasure. She found that the men who courted her to day resigned her on the morrow to other flatterers, and that the women attacked her reputation by whispers and calumnies, till without knowing how she had offended, she was shunned as infamous.

SHE knew that her reputation was destroyed by the envy of her beauty, and resolved to degrade herself from the dangerous pre-eminence. She went to the bush where she rescued the bird, and called for LADY LILINET. Immediately LILINET appeared, and discovered by FLORETTA's dejected look that she had drank too much from the alabaſter fountain.

FOLLOW

FOLLOW me, she cried, my FLORETTA, and be wiser for the future.

THEY went to the fountains, and FLORETTA began to taste the waters of sorrow, which were so bitter that she withdrew more than once the cup from her mouth: At last she resolutely drank away the perfection of beauty, the sparkling eye and rosy bloom, and left herself only agreeable.

SHE lived for some time with great content; but content is seldom lasting. She had a desire in a short time again to taste the waters of joy: she called for the conduct of LILINET, and was led to the alabaster fountain, where she drank, and wished for a faithful Lover.

AFTER her return she was soon addressed by a young man, whom she thought worthy of her affection. He courted, and flattered, and promised; till at last she yielded up her heart. He then applied to her parents; and, finding her fortune less than he expected, contrived a quarrel and deserted her.

EXASPERATED by her disappointment, she went in quest of LILINET, and expostulated with her for the deceit which she had practised. LILINET asked her with a smile, for what she had been wishing; and being told, made her this reply. You are not, my dear, to wonder or complain: You may wish for yourself, but your wishes can have no effect upon another. You may become lovely by the efficacy of the fountain, but that you shall be loved is by no means a certain consequence; for you cannot confer upon another either discernment or fidelity: That happiness which you must derive from others, it is not in my power to regulate or bestow.

FLORETTA was for some time so dejected by this limitation of the fountain's power, that she thought it unworthy of another visit; but being on some occasion thwarted by her mother's authority, she went to LILINET, and drank at the alabaster fountain for a spirit to do her own way.

LILINET

LILINET saw that she drank immoderately, and admonished her of her danger; but *spirit* and *her own way* gave such sweetness to the water, that she could not prevail upon herself to forbear, till LILINET in pure compassion snatched the cup out of her hand.

WHEN she came home every thought was contempt, and every action was rebellion: She had drunk into herself a spirit to resist, but could not give her mother a disposition to yield; the old lady asserted her right to govern; and, though she was often foiled by the impetuosity of her daughter, she supplied by pertinacy what she wanted in violence; so that the house was in continual tumult by the pranks of the daughter and opposition of the mother.

IN time, FLORETTA was convinced that spirit had only made her a capricious termagant, and that her own ways ended in error, perplexity and disgrace; she perceived that the vehemence of mind, which to a man may some-

times

times procure awe and obedience, produce to a woman nothing but detestation; she therefore went back, and by a large draught from the flinty fountain, though the water was very bitter, replaced herself under her mother's care, and quitted her spirit, and her own way.

FLORETTA's fortune was moderate, and her desires were not larger, till her mother took her to spend a summer at one of the places which wealth and idleness frequent, under pretence of drinking the waters. She was now no longer a perfect beauty, and therefore conversation in her presence took its course as in other company, opinions were freely told, and observations made without reserve. Here FLORETTA first learned the importance of money. When she saw a woman of mean air and empty talk draw the attention of the place, she always discovered upon enquiry that she had so many thousands to her fortune.

SHE soon perceived that where these golden goddesses appeared, neither birth, nor elegance, nor civility had any
power

power of attraction, that every art of entertainment was devoted to them, and that the great and the wise courted their regard.

THE desire after wealth was raised yet higher by her mother, who was always telling her how much neglect she suffered for want of fortune, and what distinctions if she had but a fortune her good qualities would obtain. Her narrative of the day was always, that FLORETTA walked in the morning, but was not spoken to because she had a small fortune, and that FLORETTA danced at the ball better than any of them, but nobody minded her for want of a fortune.

THIS want, in which all other wants appeared to be included, FLORETTA was resolved to endure no longer, and came home flattering her imagination in secret with the riches which she was now about to obtain.

ON the day after her return she walked out alone to meet lady LILINET, and went with her to the fountain :

S

Riches

Riches did not taste so sweet as either beauty or spirit, and therefore she was not immoderate in her draught.

WHEN they returned from the cavern, LILINET gave her wand to a Fairy that attended her, with an order to conduct FLORETTA to the Black Rock.

THE way was not long, and they soon came to the mouth of a mine in which there was a hidden treasure, guarded by an earthy Fairy deformed and shaggy, who opposed the entrance of FLORETTA till he recognized the wand of the Lady of the Mountain. Here FLORETTA saw vast heaps of gold and silver and gems, gathered and repositied in former ages, and entrusted to the guard of the Fairies of the earth. The little Fairy delivered the orders of her mistress, and the surly sentinel promised to obey them.

FLORETTA, wearied with her walk, and pleased with her success, went home to rest, and when she waked in the morning, first opened her eyes upon a cabinet of
I jewels,

jewels, and looking into her drawers and boxes, found them filled with gold.

FLORETTA was now as fine as the finest. She was the first to adopt any expensive fashion, to subscribe to any pompous entertainment, to encourage any foreign artist, or engage in any frolick of which the cost was to make the pleasure.

SHE was on a sudden the favourite of every place. Report made her wealth thrice greater than it really was, and wherever she came, all was attention, reverence and obedience. The ladies who had formerly slighted her, or by whom she had been formerly carested, gratified her pride by open flattery and private murmurs. She sometimes over-heard them railing at upstarts, and wondering whence some people came, or how their expences were supplied. This incited her to heighten the splendour of her dress, to increase the number of her retinue, and to make such propositions of costly schemes, that her rivals were forced to desist from contest.

BUT she now began to find that the tricks which can be played with money will seldom bear to be repeated, that admiration is a short-lived passion, and that the pleasure of expence is gone when wonder and envy are no more excited. She found that respect was an empty form, and that all those who crowded round her were drawn to her by vanity or interest.

IT was however pleasant to be able on any terms to elevate and to mortify, to raise hopes and fears; and she would still have continued to be rich, had not the ambition of her mother contrived to marry her to a Lord, whom she despised as ignorant, and abhorred as profligate. Her mother persisted in her importunity; and FLORETTA having now lost the spirit of resistance, had no other refuge than to divest herself of her fairy fortune.

SHE implored the assistance of LIMINET, who praised her resolution. She drank chearfully from the flinty fountain, and found the waters not extremely bitter.

When

When she returned she went to bed, and in the morning perceived that all her riches had been conveyed away she knew not how, except a few ornamental jewels, which LILINET had ordered to be carried back as a reward for her dignity of mind.

SHE was now almost weary of visiting the fountain, and solaced herself with such amusements as every day happened to produce: At last there arose in her imagination a strong desire to become a Wit.

THE pleasures with which this new character appeared to teem were so numerous and so great, that she was impatient to enjoy them; and rising before the sun, hastened to the place where she knew that her fairy patroness was always to be found. LILINET was willing to conduct her, but could now scarcely restrain her from leading the way but by telling her, that if she went first the Fairies of the cavern would refuse her passage.

THEY

THEY came in time to the fountain, and FLORETTA took the golden cup into her hand ; she filled it and drank, and again she filled it, for wit was sweeter than riches, spirit, or beauty.

As she returned she felt new successions of imagery rise in her mind, and whatever her memory offered to her imagination, assumed a new form, and connected itself with things to which it seemed before to have no relation. All the appearances about her were changed, but the novelties exhibited were commonly defects. She now saw that almost every thing was wrong, without often seeing how it could be better ; and frequently imputed to the imperfection of art these failures which were caused by the limitation of nature.

WHEREVER she went, she breathed nothing but censure and reformation. If she visited her friends, she quarrelled with the situation of their houses, the disposition of their gardens, the direction of their walks, and

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the termination of their views. It was vain to shew her fine furniture, for she was always ready to tell how it might be finer, or to conduct her through spacious apartments, for her thoughts were full of nobler fabricks, of airy palaces and hesperian gardens. She admired nothing and praised but little.

HER conversation was generally thought uncivil. If she received flatteries, she seldom repaid them; for she set no value upon vulgar praise. She could not hear a long story without hurrying the speaker on to the conclusion; and obstructed the mirth of her companions, for she rarely took notice of a good jest, and never laughed except when she was delighted.

THIS behaviour made her unwelcome wherever she went; nor did her speculation upon human manners much contribute to forward her reception. She now saw the disproportions between language and sentiment, between passion and exclamation; she discovered the defects

fects of every action, and the uncertainty of every conclusion; she knew the malignity of friendship, the avarice of liberality, the anxiety of content, and the cowardice of temerity.

To see all this was pleasant, but the greatest of all pleasures was to shew it. To laugh was something, but it was much more to make others laugh. As every deformity of character made a strong impression upon her, she could not always forbear to transmit it to others; as she hated false appearances she thought it her duty to detect them, till, between wantonness and virtue, scarce any that she knew escaped without some wounds by the shafts of ridicule; not that her merriment was always the consequence of total contempt, for she often honoured virtue where she laughed at affectation.

For these practices, and who can wonder, the cry was raised against her from every quarter, and to hunt her down was generally determined. Every eye was watch-
ing

ing for a fault, and every tongue was busy to supply its share of defamation. With the most unpolluted purity of mind, she was censured as too free of favours, because she was not afraid to talk with men: With generous sensibility of every human excellence, she was thought cold or envious, because she would not scatter praise with undistinguishing profusion: With tenderness that agonized at real misery, she was charged with delight in the pain of others, when she would not condole with those whom she knew to counterfeit affliction. She derided false appearances of kindness and of pity, and was therefore avoided as an enemy to society. As she seldom commended or censured but with some limitations and exceptions, the world condemned her as indifferent to the good and bad; and because she was often doubtful where others were confident, she was charged with laxity of principles, while her days were distracted and her rest broken by niceties of honour and scruples of morality.

REPORT had now made her so formidable that all flattered and all shunned her. If a Lover gave a ball to

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his

his mistress and her friends, it was stipulated that FLORETTA should not be invited. If she entered a public room the ladies courtied, and shrunk away, for there was no such thing as speaking, but FLORETTA would find something to criticize. If a girl was more spritely than her Aunt, she was threatened that in a little time she would be like FLORETTA. Visits were very diligently paid when FLORETTA was known not to be at home; and no mother trusted her daughter to herself without a caution, if she should meet FLORETTA to leave the company as soon as she could.

WITH all this FLORETTA made sport at first, but in time grew weary of general hostility. She would have been content with a few friends, but no friendship was durable; it was the fashion to desert her, and with the fashion what fidelity will contend? She could have easily amused herself in solitude, but that she thought it mean to quit the field to treachery and folly.

PER-

PERSECUTION at length tired her constancy, and she implored LILINET to rid her of her wit: LILINET complied and walked up the mountain, but was often forced to stop and wait for her follower. When they came to the flinty fountain, FLORETTA filled a small cup and slowly brought it to her lips, but the water was insupportably bitter. She just tasted it, and dashed it to the ground, diluted the bitterness at the fountain of alabaster, and resolved to keep her wit with all its consequences.

BEING now a wit for life, she surveyed the various conditions of mankind with such superiority of sentiment, that she found few distinctions to be envied or desired, and therefore did not very soon make another visit to the fountain. At length being alarmed by sickness, she resolved to drink length of life from the golden cup. She returned elated and secure, for though the longevity acquired was indeterminate, she considered death as far

distant, and therefore suffered it not to intrude upon her pleasures.

BUT length of life included not perpetual health. She felt herself continually decaying, and saw the world fading about her. The delights of her early days would delight no longer, and however widely she extended her view, no new pleasure could be found; her friends, her enemies, her admirers, her rivals dropped one by one into the grave, and with those who succeeded them she had neither community of joys nor strife of competition.

By this time she began to doubt whether old age were not dangerous to virtue; whether pain would not produce peevishness, and peevishness impair benevolence. She thought that the spectacle of life might be too long continued, and the vices which were often seen might raise less abhorrence; that resolution might be sapped by time, and let that virtue sink, which in its firmest state

it had not without difficulty supported ; and that it was vain to delay the hour which must come at last, and might come at a time of less preparation and greater imbecillity.

THESE thoughts led her to LIMNET, whom she accompanied to the flinty fountain ; where, after a short combat with herself, she drank the bitter water. They walked back to the favourite bush pensive and silent ; And now, said she, accept my thanks for the last benefit that FLORETTA can receive. Lady LILINET dropped a tear, impressed upon her lips the final kiss, and resigned her, as she resigned herself, to the course of Nature.



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it had not without difficulty reported; and it was
vain to delay the hour which was to come at last and
might come at a time of less preparation and less

readiness.

There thought led her to her room, where
she found a letter from her father, which she
opened with haste, the blank the letter was
walked back to the front of her room, and
and now, and she found my father's letter.
I found that I could not read it, and I
dropped a tear, and I was again in the
and with a sigh she went to bed.

of the

THE
UNINHABITED ISLAND.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF
METASTASIO.

THE

UNINHABITED ISLAND

FROM THE ITALIAN OF

METASTASIO

The ARGUMENT.

GERNANDO with his young Bride **CONSTANTIA** and her infant sister **SYLVIA**, sailing for the West-Indies in order to join his father, who had been made a Governor in those parts, was during the voyage overtaken by a dangerous storm, which obliged him to land in an uninhabited Island to let his wife and the young child recover themselves from the fatigue they had undergone at sea. While **CONSTANTIA** and her Sister were reposing in a grotto, the unfortunate **GERNANDO** and some of his followers were surprized and taken prisoners by a numerous band of pirates that unhappily landed on the Island. The companions of **GERNANDO**, who from on board the vessel had a confused

view of the skirmish, and imagined that the wife and child were carried away at the same time, hoisted all their sails to pursue the pirates; but, having soon lost sight of them, with heavy hearts continued their intended voyage. In the mean time *CONSTANTIA* awaked, and having long sought in vain for her husband, and perceiving the ship was gone, believed herself betrayed like *ARIADNE*, and forsaken by *GERNANDO*. When the first impetuous fallies of her grief began to give way to the natural love of life, she considered how she might support herself in a place so remote from all human converse. There for a long time she lived with the little *SYLVIA* on fruits and herbs, the natural produce of the soil, at the same time breeding up her innocent Sister, who was entirely unacquainted with man, in all the hatred and detestation she had herself conceived for the sex. After thirteen years captivity it
so

so fortunate that GERNANDO recovered his liberty. His first care was to return to the Island where he had involuntarily left CONSTANTIA, though he had no hopes of finding her alive.

THE unexpected meeting of this tender couple is the action here represented.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CONSTANTIA, Wife to GERNANDO.

SYLVIA, her younger Sister.

HENRIQUES, Companion to GERNANDO.

GERNANDO, Husband to CONSTANTIA.

The UNINHABITED ISLAND.

SCENE I.

A pleasant Part of a small and uninhabited Island with a Prospect of the Sea; several Trees of a foreign Growth, rude Caves or Grottos, and Shrubs with Flowers. On the forepart of the Scene to the right hand is a great Rock, on which is an unfinished Inscription in European Characters.

CONSTANTIA *wildly apparelled with Skins, Leaves and Flowers, with the Hilt and Part of a broken Sword in her Hand, appears employed in finishing the Inscription.*

CONSTANTIA.

WHAT task so arduous, but unwearied toil
At length effects! Hard is this stubborn rock;

Rude is this instrument, and weak the hand

That unexperienc'd guides it: yet behold

My long laborious work how near compleat!

Grant me to finish this, then, Gracious Heav'n!

Release me from a life replete with sorrow.

Should

Should Fortune e'er, in future times transport
 Some traveller to tread these shores unknown,
 This rock at least shall from oblivion's pow'r
 Preserve my suff'rings and record my story. *[Reads.]*

"CONSTANTIA, by GERNANDO's guile betray'd,
 "Forfaken here, on this far distant coast,
 "Clos'd the sad remnant of her wretched days.
 "Whoe'er thou art that read'st these mournful lines,
 "If savage fierceness dwell not in thy breast,
 "Revenge or pity——
 "my disastrous fate."

These words alone are wanting: let me then
 Conclude what yet remains to crown my toil.

[Returns to her work.]

SCENE II.

[To her.] SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

My Sister! my CONSTANTIA!

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THE UNINHABITED ISLAND.

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CONSTANTIA.

What imports

Thy breathless haste, and whence my SYLVIA's transport?

SYLVIA.

O Sister! I am wild with sudden joy!

CONSTANTIA.

But say the cause.

SYLVIA.

My dear, my lovely fawn,

So many days deplor'd and fought in vain,

Is now return'd.

CONSTANTIA.

And hence thy mighty rapture!

SYLVIA.

And think'st thou this so little? well thou know'st

My fawn's my care, my darling and my friend:

She loves her SYLVIA: when I speak, methinks

She hears me with a more than brutal sense:

She

She sleeps upon my bosom, courts my kisses,
 And still attends me wheresoe'er I go:
 Her had I lost, her have I found again,
 And think'st thou this so small a cause of joy?

CONSTANTIA.

O happy Innocence!

SYLVIA.

Shall I, my Sister,
 For ever hear thy sighs and see thy tears?

CONSTANTIA.

And can I ever dry these weeping eyes?
 Full thirteen times has spring renew'd his course,
 Since thus abandon'd, and secluded far
 From human race, depriv'd of ev'ry comfort,
 O Heav'n! without one glimm'ring hope again
 To view my lost, my dear paternal shores,
 Here have I dwelt and dragg'd a dying life.
 And would'st thou, SYLVIA, have me yet unmov'd?

SYL.

SYLVIA.

But what have we to ask to make us happy?
 Are we not Sov'reigns here? This pleasing life
 Our peaceful kingdom, and the forest herds
 Our gentle subjects? Earth and sea produce
 Supplies for us: the friendly trees afford
 A grateful shelter from the burning heat;
 And hollow caves defend us from the cold:
 Our will is uncontroul'd by force or law.
 If this suffice not, say what more remains
 To make us blest?

CONSTANTIA.

Alas! thou can'st not miss
 The good thou ne'er hast known: when first we reach'd
 These lonely shores, thy lips could scarcely utter
 Imperfect sounds, thy young ideas then
 Uniform'd and unconnected: thy remembrance
 Preserves no trace of what we once have been;
 No object knows but what this Isle affords.

X

I, who

I, who was then as thou art now, remember
(O fatal recollection!) what I was,
And with my present state compare the past.

SYLVIA.

Oft have I heard thee boast the wealth, the wisdom,
The arts, the manners, and delights of Europe.
And yet permit me to declare my thoughts,
This peaceful life for me has greater charms.

CONSTANTIA.

Think not description, SYLVIA, can inform thee
Of what from sight thou only canst receive.

SYLVIA.

And yet those boasted lands are fill'd with man,
With man, whose species is our deadly foe:
And hast thou not a thousand times declar'd——

CONSTANTIA.

True; I have told thee oft; yet ne'er enough
Of that detested race. Yes, men are cruel,
Perfidious,

Perfidious, impious, treach'rous, more than savage,
Strangers to ties of soft humanity,
Love, faith and pity dwell not in their breast.

SYLVIA:

Then here from them at least we live secure;
And yet—thou weep'st—Oh! if thou lov'st thy SYLVIA,
Forbear this grief. What can I do to ease thee?
Do'st thou desire my fawn? Dry up thy tears,
My fawn shall then be thine.

CONSTANTIA.

Alas! my SYLVIA,
CONSTANTIA has too just a cause for tears.

If I, who by my treach'rous spouse
Here banish'd from mankind remain,
If I'm forbid to weep my woes,
O Heav'n! what wretch must then complain?
But who shall dare condemn my grief
With ev'ry anguish here oppress'd,
And ev'n deny'd the poor relief
Of pity from a friendly breast.

[Exit.]

X 2

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Ship appears at a distance under Sail. GERNANDO and HENRIQUES descend into the Boat and land.

SYLVIA alone.

How obstinate her complaints! her constant sorrow
 Afflicts my tender heart: fain would I soothe her,
 But pray'rs, advice, and chidings all are vain:
 And stranger still, whene'er I offer comfort,
 Her tears increase and I'm compell'd to weep.
 Yet let me still pursue her— [*Sees the ship.*] Heav'n!
 what means
 Yon' tow'ring bulk that rises o'er the sea!
 'Tis not a rock—a rock remains unmov'd:
 And can so vast a monster cut the flood
 With such a rapid motion? See behind
 The parted waves are white, its speedy course
 Outstrips the gazing eye, while on its back
 It bears huge wings; at once it swims and flies.

CON-

CONSTANTIA shall instruct me, she can tell
If yonder form is not some wond'rous being
That holds its dwelling in the faithless deep.
At least she knows——Ye Pow'rs! what do I see!
O who are these that now have reach'd the shore?
What shall I do, and whither turn for aid?
My breast is chill'd with fear, I scarce have strength
To fly or hide me from th' approaching danger.

[Hides herself.]

SCENE IV.

GERNANDO, HENRIQUES, *in Indian Habits.* SYLVIA *apart.*

HENRIQUES.

Is this the land, GERNANDO, thou hast sought?

GERNANDO.

Ev'n this my friend, its well known image here
Remains engraven by the hand of love:
My beating heart confirms it for the same.

SYL.

SYLVIA.

Might I but view their face.—

HENRIQUES.

Perchance, my friend,
We yet may be deceiv'd—

GERNANDO.

No, my HENRIQUES;
This is the fatal place, I well remember
Each craggy rock. Behold the cave where laid
In gentle sleep with SYLVIA in her arms
I left my wife, the treasure of my soul!
I left her never to behold her more.
'Twas there the pyrate band affail'd me first;
I here receiv'd my wound; there from my hand
The weapon dropt. O let us haste, my friend,
For each delay is criminal. Do thou
Yon quarter visit; this to search be mine:
This Island stretches to but small extent,
Nor can we wander far. My heart, alas,

Has scarce a hope to find CONSTANTIA here.
Yet fate at least one comfort shall afford ;
That precious earth that holds her breathless corse,
Shall form GERNANDO's tomb.

SCENE V.

HENRIQUES. SYLVIA [*apart.*]

SYLVIA.

To their discourse,
In vain I've listen'd.

HENRIQUES.

Hapless is the fortune
Of poor GERNANDO, scarce his hand receives
His lovely bride, when call'd to distant climes,
He trusts himself and all he prizes most,
Amidst the faithless deep ; then landing here
To seek refreshment for his tender partner
O'erspent and wearied by the tossing surge,

While

While sleep seals up her sense, by barb'rous force
Is hurry'd hence to distant lands unknown,
Where many years he mourns a wretched captive,
And hears no tidings of the Fair forlorn.

SYLVIA. [aside.]

At last he turns, how pleasing is his mien!

HENRIQUES.

Compassion pleads for him in ev'ry breast,
And gratitude in mine. To him I owe
Freedom, the first, the noblest gift of Heav'n.
'Twere cruelty in others not to mourn
His fate, in me 'twere base ingratitude.
The heart that feels not for another's woe,
Is shunn'd by all; but most th' ungrateful mind
Is justly held in universal horror.

The tender tree tho' not endu'd
With gentle sense of human woes,
Is grateful to the parent flood
From whence its genial moisture flows.

For this he yields a kind return,
 And thick in verdant leaves array'd,
 When scorching beams of Phœbus burn,
 Defends the stream with friendly shade. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

SYLVIA alone.

What have I seen? It cannot sure be man;
 Its looks would then betray its native fierceness.
 Men all are stern and treach'rous, and their mien
 Must bear some semblance of the wicked heart.
 Nor is't a woman, for the garb it wears
 Is fashion'd not like mine or my CONSTANTIA's.
 Whate'er it be, it has a pleasing form:
 My Sister shall resolve me.—Ha! my feet
 Refuse to move. O Heav'n! why do I sigh?
 What means my beating heart! Can it be fear?
 No; were it fear I should not find this pleasure;

Y

Far

Far diff'rent is the passion which I feel,
This unknown something flutt'ring in my breast.

New joys I find, and yet complain
Amidst a sweet and pleasing pain :
Those looks, alas! but vainly please ;
What gives me pleasure, gives not ease.
I run a thousand fancies o'er,
Delightful hopes unfelt before !
And yet I know not whence I sigh,
Or what my distant hopes imply. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

GERNANDO *alone, appearing fatigued*; HENRIQUES *behind*.

GERNANDO.

Alas! my mind presag'd her fate too well ;
Vain are my toils: in vain I seek, and call
Her much lov'd name: these eyes perceive not yet
The smallest track of her my soul adores.

But

But where's my friend?---perhaps more fortunate---
 What ho! HENRIQUES!---Let me seek him---Heav'ns!
 I can no further---weariness and grief
 Weigh down my strength---here in this friendly rock
 I'll rest awhile and wait for his return.
 What see I? European characters!
 Almighty Pow'rs! behold my name inscrib'd!
 Whence this inscription, from what hand unknown!

"CONSTANTIA, by GERNANDO's guile betray'd,

"Forfaken here, on this far distant coast,

"Clos'd the sad remnant of her wretched days."--

O Heav'ns! I faint---

[To him.] HENRIQUES.

Speak comfort, my GERNANDO;
 Yet know'st thou aught of poor CONSTANTIA's fate?

GERNANDO.

CONSTANTIA's dead!

Y 2

HEN.

HENRIQUES.

What says my friend?

GERNANDO.

Read there.

HENRIQUES.

Unhappy fate!

[*Reads.*]

“ On this far distant shore,

“ Clos’d the sad remnant of her wretched days:

“ Whoe’er thou art that read’st these mournful lines,

“ If savage fierceness dwell not in thy breast,

“ Revenge or pity——

There the sentence stands

Unfinish’d.

GERNANDO.

There her vital spirits fail’d.

HENRIQUES.

O tragic issue of disastrous love!

Yes, weep, GERNANDO, for thy tears are just:

Mine too shall flow in sympathy with thine,
Ev'n rocks shall feel thy grief. But yet, my friend,
'Midst all thy woes one comfort still remains,
(Nor think that comfort little) no remorse
Preys on thy soul: thou hast fulfill'd each duty
Which love, or faith, or reason could require:
But Heav'n was pleas'd to render vain thy cares.
No more remains, but with a pious mind
To bend submissive to this awful stroke,
And fly, as wisdom bids, these fatal shores.

GERNANDO.

Forfake these shores! And whither must I turn?
Where dost thou think I more shall find repose?
O no! here Heav'n has fix'd my last abode,
Here on this spot —

HENRIQUES.

What means my friend!

GER.

GERNANDO.

While life
Informs my breast, I'll breathe the vital air
CONSTANTIA breath'd ; each object here shall feed
My faithful grief ; each moment I'll return
And kiss this rock ; here live in ling'ring pain,
With her dear name for ever on my lips,
And dying here complete my cruel fate.

HENRIQUES.

O, my GERNANDO, what hast thou resolv'd ?
Would'st thou abjure thy country and thy friends,
Thy father bent with age---

GERNANDO.

To see me thus
I know would bow his years to earth with sorrow.
Then go, my friend, give comfort to his age,
Be thou for me a son ; and if he seeks

To know my fortune, spare a parent's ear;
Softens the tale, and speak but half my sufferings.

HENRIQUES.

And canst thou hope that e'er——

GERNANDO.

My friend, farewell.

Attempt not, while my sorrows flow,
With empty words to soothe my woe:
No mortal shall my torments share,
I ask no partner but despair.

On these lone shores what ease could flow
From kind compassion's social woe?
A friend would but increase my pain,
And swell the griefs he felt in vain.

[Exit.

SCENE VIII.

HENRIQUES alone:

We must not yet oppose his rage of sorrow,
But let his passions for awhile subside:

Then

HENRIQUES.

Sure I dream,
What wonder strikes my sight? Stay, beautiful nymph.

SYLVIA.

O Heav'ns! art thou return'd?

HENRIQUES.

Why would'st thou fly?
O hear me but a moment.

SYLVIA.

Say; what would'st thou?

HENRIQUES.

But gaze upon thee, speak a few short words,
No more.—

SYLVIA.

Then ere thou speak, give me thy promise
Not to come near me:

HENRIQUES.

Fear not, lovely nymph!

I promise this. What graceful Innocence
Shines o'er her frame!

SYLVIA:

How peaceful are its looks!

HENRIQUES.

But what's in me to cause such mighty fear?

I am no asp, nor savage beast of prey;

A man can surely not affright thee thus.

SYLVIA.

Art thou a man?

HENRIQUES.

I am.

SYLVIA:

O save me, save me! [*Flying.*]

HENRIQUES.

Yet stay —

SYL.

SYLVIA: [Kneeling]

O spare me; never have I wrong'd you,
Then be not cruel to me.

HENRIQUES:

Rise, my fair one,
Compose thy thoughts, this causeless fear distracts me.

SYLVIA: [Aside.]

Sure my heart whispers I may trust his faith.

HENRIQUES:

O if thou art gentle, as thy form bespeaks thee,
Say when and where did poor CONSTANTIA die?

SYLVIA:

CONSTANTIA! Heav'n be prais'd, CONSTANTIA lives!

HENRIQUES:

She lives! O lovely SYLVIA! Yes, this place,
Thy tender years, all tell me thou art SYLVIA;

Fly to CONSTANTIA, while I haste as swift
To seek GERNANDO.

SYLVIA.

Ha'ft thou then with thee
That cruel, that ingrate —

HENRIQUES.

Call him unhappy,
But not ingrate or cruel : O delay not,
'Twere barb'rous to defer, but for a moment,
The tender raptures of this faithful pair.

SYLVIA.

Together let us go.

HENRIQUES.

No: that would ask
A longer time than fits the present purpose.
Seek thou CONSTANTIA, bring her to this place,
And with GERNANDO hither I'll return.

SYL-

SYLVIA.

Yet stay awhile—What is thy name?

HENRIQUES.

HENRIQUES.

SYLVIA.

Then hear, HENRIQUES, tarry not too long.

HENRIQUES.

What means this haste, my Fair?

SYLVIA.

Alas! I know not.

I feel a sudden damp at thy departure,

And feel, at thy return, as sudden joy.

HENRIQUES.

And, witness Heav'n! I could for ever hear thee,

Gaze on thy sweets, and dwell with thee for ever.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE X.

SYLVIA alone.

What can this mean? He's gone! but still remains
Before my sight: he's gone! but still my thoughts
Pursue where'er he goes: why am I thus
Disturb'd, yet know not where my passions tend.

What is this, alas! I prove,
Pain or pleasure at my heart!

If 'tis pain that thus can move,

O how pleasing is the smart!

'Tis a pain that lulls to rest,

Ev'ry other thought disarms,

Yet awakens in my breast

New desires and soft alarms.

[Exit.

SCENE XI.

CONSTANTIA alone.

Time flies o'er me with pitying wings,

But time to me no comfort brings:

Tho' trees and rocks with years decay,

My sorrows ne'er shall pass away!

Still here I live, and mourn in vain

A life of slow-consuming pain:

O let me yield at once my breath,

And lay me gently down in death.

While absent hence, in thoughtless innocence,

My SYLVIA wanders, let this hand resume,

Its melancholy labour. *[Returns to her Work.]*

SCENE XII.

[To her.] GERNANDO.

While my friend

Leaves me alone to grief, here let me turn

And kiss this precious rock.—But ha! what would

Yon female form! From whence! What can it mean!

CONSTANTIA.

Perchance, CONSTANTIA, all thy toil is vain,

And what thou here hast wrought shall ne'er be known.

GER.

GERNANDO.

CONSTANTIA! O ye Pow'rs! my wife! *[Embracing her.]*CONSTANTIA. *[Turning she knows him.]*

Ah! Traitor!

I can no more—

[Faints.]

GERNANDO.

My life! She hears me not—

O Heav'n! her senses fail---some cooling stream---

Where shall I find---not far from hence I view'd

A crystal rivulet---but must I leave

My treasure thus alone---yes---one short moment

Shall bring me back impatient to her sight.

SCENE XIII.

CONSTANTIA. *To her.* HENRIQUES.

HENRIQUES.

My friend, who knows not yet his happiness,

Conceals himself from me; where shall I turn

To

To trace his steps?—But, see! on yonder rock
Some nymph repasses—'tis not SYLVIA—Heav'ns!
'Tis then CONSTANTIA—what a mortal paleness
O'erspreads her languid face!

CONSTANTIA [Coming to herself.]

Ah, me!

HENRIQUES.

—CONSTANTIA?

CONSTANTIA [Without looking at him.]

O leave me, leave me—

HENRIQUES.

Banish this despair;

And live to crown thy consort's faithful love.

CONSTANTIA.

Hence, traitor. Let me, let me die in peace.

HENRIQUES.

A traitor! sure thou know'st me not.

Aa

CON-

CONSTANTIA [Seeing him.]

Ye Pow'rs!

Where is GERNANDO? Art thou not the same?

Did I but dream before, or dream I now?

HENRIQUES.

Thou did'st not dream before, nor dream'st thou now.

Thou hast indeed beheld thy own GERNANDO,

And now thou see'st his friend.

CONSTANTIA.

And could he then

Return again to his forsaken wife,

To whom his cruelty—

HENRIQUES.

Alas, thy husband

Forsook not thee, but hence, by ruffian force,

Was hurry'd from his lov'd CONSTANTIA's arms.

CONSTANTIA.

Say, when was this?

HEN.

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HENRIQUES.

When laid in yonder grot
Thy sense was lost in sleep.

CONSTANTIA.

What foes unknown?

HENRIQUES.

A band of pirates, with barbarian rage,
Affail'd him here; awhile his valour stood
Against their fury, till his hand receiv'd
A luckless wound and dropt the sword, then soon
Oppress'd by numbers, he remain'd their prisoner.

CONSTANTIA.

But wherefore all this time—

HENRIQUES.

Till now detain'd
In cruel bonds, his thoughts alone were free,
And these have never stray'd from his

CONSTANTIA.

CONSTANTIA.

O Heav'ns! how have I wrong'd thee, my GERNANDO!

HENRIQUES.

At length, behold to liberty restor'd,
GERNANDO comes, behold him all thy own;
Again he comes, a tender faithful husband,
To give thee back thy peace, to calm thy sorrows,
To live and die with thee.

CONSTANTIA.

Where art thou then,
Where art thou, my GERNANDO? [Going.]

SCENE THE LAST.

[To them.] SYLVIA. GERNANDO [Apart.]

SYLVIA.

Hold, CONSTANTIA.

In vain thou seek'st for thy GERNANDO there:
For ev'n but now, in tender care for thee,

Hasting

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Hasting to yonder stream, a sudden force
Affail'd him, and prevented his return.

CONSTANTIA.

Ye Pow'rs! affail'd! by whom? and why?

HENRIQUES.

Forgive me:

The fault is mine. GERNANDO thought thee dead,
And vow'd to dwell for ever here; and hence,
I gave command to bear him off by force.

CONSTANTIA.

Haste; let us set him free.

SYLVIA.

Yet stay, CONSTANTIA,
Already have I told them all the story.

CONSTANTIA.

Must I still wait? Have I not waited long?
So many years elaps'd of tedious sorrow?
'Tis time at length to find a quiet period
To all my woes—

[Going.]

GER.

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GERNANDO [Advancing.]

Here, in these faithful arms
Receive the bliss thou seek'st.

CONSTANTIA.

And can it be?

GERNANDO.

Do I not dream?

CONSTANTIA.

Do I then hold GERNANDO?

GERNANDO.

Do I embrace my wife, my dear CONSTANTIA?

HENRIQUES.

These tears, caresses and imperfect accents
Dissolve my soul in tender sympathy.

SYLVIA.

Tell me, HENRIQUES, wherefore art thou thoughtful?

GERNANDO sure is kinder far than thou:

Mark how with gentle speech he soothes CONSTANTIA,

While

While thou in fullen silence seem'st to stand,
Without one word for SYLVIA.

HENRIQUES.

Could I hope
That I were dear to thee—

SYLVIA.

If dear to me?
Yes, dearer than my fawn.

HENRIQUES.

Then give me, fair one,
Thy plighted hand, and be HENRIQUES' wife.

SYLVIA.

Thy wife! O no: that were indeed a folly:
So might I, left on some far distant Isle,
Drag on my days in mournful solitude.

CONSTANTIA.

No, SYLVIA; my GERNANDO left me not:
Thou shalt know all: Men are not, as I said,
Faithless and cruel.

SYL-

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SYLVIA.

When I knew HENRIQUES,
I thought not so.

CONSTANTIA.

Unjustly I accus'd 'em;
But now convinc'd retract my former error.

SYLVIA.

And I retract whate'er I said before.

CHORUS.

When low'ring clouds the skies o'erspread,
Let Hope exalt her chearful head,
And all the threats of Fate despise:
Fortune shall give her malice o'er,
And CONSTANCY's triumphant Pow'r
At length above her sufferings rise.



F I N I S.

